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SELECTED POETRY.

MADAME LA TOUR'S ARRIVAL.

Hail ye Woods, my future home, and lovely Basin hail,
Haunts of sylvan deities, where green-wood sports prevail,
Where' hushed are old world rural sounds, and absent old world scenes,
Her mistress hails your lonely streams, and lonely unpruned greens.
Lonely leave the great world's pomp; its frequent cheating smile;
The cruel show,—of potent force the foolish to beguile;
The world,—and its loneliness, when from the wretched fall
The manner friends, so kind of old in bower and in hall:
The glare, the crime, the care of Courts, all willing I resign,
Asphodil instead, these rugged shades of stately fir and pine—
The solitary tower of mine, these fervid Indian hands,
The unknown swarms which nature strews along these unknown lands,
The quiet step, the cave, the glen, by footstep undefiled,
And all the features, fresh and fair of this Acadian wild.

Where swim the finny tribes in shoals, there fly the flocks in air,
And there the forest brute unscathed, has unclaimed path and lair,—
Where there the noble savage man walks in his knightly pride,
His light canoe is his, and his, the hut on woodland side.

And there the Fort, all picturesque, displays its grassy walls,
Where appear the ordnance tubes and piled the ready balls,
O'er the scene, in majesty, the lillies of my France
Rise in the wild-woods balmy breeze in silky ripples dance.

Where such young heart and mind, devoted to the heritage high,
Such crowned my youth and maiden-hood—how quick such youth-joys fly—
My mother's guardian arm is past,—and past the sister band,
That held me 'neath the courtly shades of that chivalric land;
And all the trysting hour beside the pallaced banks of Seine,—
Ah for different eyes must follow such gay hours I ween.

Let me see La Tour, he comes at last, above his warlike mound,
And hails his long expected wife to his disputed ground.'
Welcome,—well met,—well be it so,—my husband and my love,
That all the world fall off from thee thy spouse shall faithful prove.
Hark, the saluting gun, along the deep its thunder pours,—
Fitting hail for Soldier's wife as its exciting roars.

And what has war, and war's alarms, to do with this lone shade?
Let peace be banished every nook where man a home has made?
Let combats rage, and homes be wrecked, and blood be poured out here,
And orphans group and widows mourn above the warriors bier?—
I cultivate the better part, but dare the worst I come,
The type of peace, if it may be, if not, the trump and drum.

Again the gun,—aye, welcome free your mistress' heart returns,
Her friends she hails, your deadly foes with fearless ardour spurns:
Forgotten are the vine crowned fields beyond the ocean's foam,
Her heart and soul are wedded true to this new forest home.
The Anchor falls,—the sails are braced, my bark swings graceful round,—
Bend to your oars and let me feel this coming-battle ground.
Manly struggle now my men, and soon the beams which shone
Upon your arms in fairer climes shall see these wilds our own.

THE FRATERNITY OF MAN.

BY MISS MARTINEAU.

All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on Him whose power
Upholds the life he gave,
The sage within his star-lit tower,
The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made,
And hears the worshiper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

Oh! let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love:
In power and wealth exalt no more;
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low! your shame and fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your common claims revere.

[From the Tioga Phœnix.]

A FRAGMENT.

Let the world laugh, I care not for their scorn!
I have a hope within me, a strange light,
Unseen, unsought for, a deep hidden tone
The world can never hear. The breath of Time
Hath never yet come o'er it, nor the hand
Of cold indifference wrenched the silver chords
Of the heart's hidden music. A mysterious spell,
A strange, unearthly all o'ermastering spell
Lies cherished deep within, and though I smile
With those who wear the giddy face of mirth,
Yet a strange voice aye beckons me away
From Earth's fantastic pleasure.

I would go,
Where Earth's wild, witching scenes can never come,
And I would tune my wild harp where no ear
Might ever listen, where no sound should break
The all-mysterious silence, save the voice
Of the deep rushing winds, which come to bear
Glad sounds of gentle music.

Earth is bright,
All blest and beautiful, save where the jar
Of its polluted dwellers mars the peace
Which was at first ordained. Let them laugh,
And wear the wrinkled face of mirth and scorn,
I care not for their hate. The heart is strong
And brooks no cold neglect. They may smile on,
And shut me out forever from their gaze,
But yet that hour will be an hour of joy,
A sweet communing of the heart and Heaven.

Oh! holy hour, when from the jarring world
The heart is all unchained, borne upward far
By the quick wings of Faith, it cleaves all air,
And finds a rest in Heaven, an endless rest.

[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

TO A TORTOISE-SHELL COMB.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Being an humble imitation of the style of some modern poets, by the prism of whose fancy the most common objects are invested with the hues of poesy, even as the sunbeam tarries to diamonds the dews which heedless night hath flung over the earth.

There is more in thy history than meets
The eye of cold observance. Had'st thou words
To speak imprisoned secrets, how would all
Thy silent, chiselled labyrinths re-sound
With thought transcending eloquence! Deep things—
The passionate breathings of a hidden voice,
And young and fond imaginings that swell
The fountains of a yet untroubled soul,
Ere to the world its flowings have gone forth—
Thou hast been witness to. Thou hast reposed,
Pressed by a pearly hand, upon a brow
Stainless and lofty; and thou hast been worn
When the full tide of youth and loveliness
Coursed wildly though her heart, o'erlooking all
Her regal swanlike grace; moved when she moved,
In blest obedience—perchance hast stooped
To watch the speakings of her mantling cheek,
And felt the haughtiest tossings of a head
Whose classic beauty might a Phidias shame.

And when the hour of twilight musings came
And thy fair mistress in the leafy bower,
Or by the curtained casement, lay entranced
In all the dreamy luxury of thought,
When the soft odors of the sleeping flowers
Stole forth on dewy wing to visit her,
And bathe her brow in sweetness—when she looked
To the far, quiet stars, that glanced abroad
In silent, glorious beauty—thou hast strayed
Carelessly through the long fair locks that lay
Like a sun-kindled cloud across her neck;
Lifting each half unconscious tress in pride,
Fondly and lingeringly entwining it, I
As loth to quit thy lovely resting place.

And thou art—ay, sweet shell—more favored far
To owe thy polish to her gentle touch,
Than the most honored worshipper who kneels
Before her shrine: than he who holds thee now
Between a reverential thumb and finger,
Absorbed in admiration of thy worth.

SELECTED TALES.

[From the Metropolitan.]

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

Revenge, when opportunity permits the full indulgence of its energies, in man becomes ferocity, in woman malignity. The former, courage may overcome, patience support, or submission subdue—but death can only relieve us from the virulence of the latter. Relieve us, did I say? No, the breath of that baneful passion settles like a black mist upon the grave of its victim, and blasts the few flowers that may attempt to flourish around it. That person is brave, who can conscientiously say that he fears the resentment of no man—but he is a fool who dares that of a woman. I only know of three cases in which it may be any thing short of madness to attempt a lady's vengeance: when you find yourself in the last stage of consumption; after you have received sentence of death from your country's executioner—and, that I am not over cautious, and who will take the trouble to read the following narrative will be ready to confess.

Beauty, thou art a dangerous, but a bright mantle—there is a fire too in thy brightness; for sometimes, like the shirt of Dejenaire, thou art fatal to the wearer—sometimes, like a flower that is withered up by the sun, destructive to the gazer! Of this quality, so important for good or for evil, Ann Wilkins had almost more than a mortal's share. She was the daughter of low, almost vagabond parents; of her father, she knew a little—he disappeared when she had attained her tenth year, overwhelmed, no doubt, in some of those deep gullies of filth and wretchedness that perforate the heart of this metropolis—he was heard of no more. Her mother was a practical political economist: she, in the neighborhood of Paddington, verified one of its principle dogmas—the turning into the utmost profit the *residuum* the *caput mortuum* of the raw material—she gained her livelihood by sifting cinders—a dirty but certainly an honorable employ—and thanks to the carelessness of our metropolitan menials, not altogether unprofitable—as many a silver spoon and fork rewarded Mrs Wilkins's inquisitorial researches. Till Ann was fourteen, she shook her elbows on the dusty field, in unison with her mother, and, looking at them, I assure the reader, that she did it with infinitely more grace than ever was possessed by the Marquis of H——, though the ivories fell from under his aristocratic manual vibrations, and ashes from hers. Yes, she was a beauty—tall, rounded, glowing: with eyes that could madden, and lips that could smile away madness. At fourteen her companions began to treat her as a woman; she no longer sifted, shoe-less and stocking-less—she gave herself airs, and begged people to behave genteelly—had a smart dress, clean white cotton stockings, and prettily sandaled shoes for Sundays—that was a foot ——never mind—why should we speak of her foot, when so many, even then, were thinking of her hand.

There is a great affinity between strong contrasts.—A young baker, not yet out of his time, not more than eighteen years of age, saw and loved. They both wore powder profusely—there was a sympathy in that—the only difference was in the color. Owing to our excellent poor laws, and the excellent state of morals of our poor, the excellent effect of those excellent poor laws, these two minors committed the great mistake—marriage—and Ann Wilkins as it was, and Ann Runt as is—to use the Paddington *patois*, was, at a little more than the age of fifteen, a mother. Start not!—*This* is an unexaggerated fact. The beautiful Cinderella, ere she was out of her infancy, was fast sinking down into the sickly, and the dowdy, dirty mother of low life. Then came the parish medical attendance, and the begrudged parish relief, and the obtained gin when food itself was unattainable; the towering look, the heavy curse, and the heavier blow of the debased boy-husband. His time was out, and his employment precarious. What God had intended Ann to be it would be impiety to presume, but what she was—what man had made—even the evil one himself must have felt pity to behold. This was the dark, the dangerous part of her life. She looked at her wailing infant—she saw it press the enfeebled, the flaccid, the milkless bosom, and she wished it dead. How she lived through these four years of rage and wretchedness she never could tell: she was not yet nineteen when her misery seemed to have attained its horrible climax. Her husband lay ill in the last stage of a rapid decline. Whilst the man was dying, two parishes, each of which was disputing who should not be encumbered with his bones, refused relief. Things were in this state when Ann, taking her child in her hand, proceeded through the crowds of the well-fed and the gay to seek redress at the hands of the magistrate against the inhumanity of the overseer. The day was bright and sunny; she was thrust hither and thither by better dressed people; she saw shops overloaded with delicate viands—her child cried for them—that cry irritated her; she was herself very, very hungry. Ye, who have hungered, be merciful in your condemnation. On that day, at that moment her heart hardened; she, who had, through all her misery, never yet been selfish, now entered into her own soul. She said to herself, 'Yes, he will die,' and she was glad; 'and were I quit too of this whimpering brat. I am not yet twenty—my beauy may return—I can shift for myself were I but quit of him!' It was a diabolical thought. She was in a crowded thoroughfare—she did not attempt to lose him:—no, I will never believe it; I am myself a father;—but she was careless, abstracted, reckless. That night she was a widow and childless.

Then people were kind to her. The overseers took blame to themselves—magnanimous souls! They had no idea that the case was one of extremity. However, they were pious folks; thei; pews at the parish church were decorated with crimson curtains moving upon bright brass rods, consequently they told the widow that 'God willed every thing for the best,' and bade her take comfort, but she could not;—her little Alfred!

Whether the parish authorities were very assiduous in their search after the lost little pauper, we know not—he was never found; but this we know, when Mr Bloater, the overseer, met Mr Scrimp, the vestry clerk and attorney, that evening, in the well furnished apartments of the master of the workhouse, they congratulated each other and the parish, over an excellent bottle of port, at the expense of said parish, at their good luck in getting rid, in one day, of two such encumberances as father and son. God had, no doubt, *taken* them both—so they pronounced it a God send.

Let us pass rapidly over the next fifteen years of Ann's life. The housekeeper of Sir Peter Rankles a middle aged bachelor, had heard of her story, so he took Ann upon trial as house maid. Her beauty returned, if possible with an increased splendor. Sir Peter after well satisfying himself with her looks, wished next to be satisfied with her story. He then gave her his countenance, because he liked her own so well;—afterwards an education, as he said that he intended her to succeed his house keeper; he was his own steward. So she was taught music, dancing, French, and Italian, in order the better to be able to check the bakers' and butchers' bills. The old house keeper opened her eyes; she however shut them again in quiet satisfaction, upon being pensioned out of office in excellent style. People began to surmise; Sir Peter grew angry, and talked of his disinterestedness. Now it was well known, that every body who knew Sir Peter, and every body who knew Ann, did not want the baronet to marry the widow of the journeyman baker, so they went the very best way about effecting the match. They said, 'that it was improper and scandalous," and they dared him to do it: he *did* it—only to prove that it was neither scandalous nor improper.

Sir Peter had his reward—she made him an excellent wife, and he made for her an excellent will.

At the age of thirty-five behold Lady Ann Rankles, just clear of her first year of widow-hood, resplendent in beauty, stepping into her well appointed carriage, in order to make one at a dinner party in Brunswick Square. Her hostess was also a widow, the relict of a Colonel Canderson, of the Honorable East India Company's service, rich, avaricious, fond of play—past forty, and not very remarkable for personal charms. She was one of those whose intimacy, it is the moral we wish to inculcate, that we should beware. 'I never forget my friends, and never forgive my enemies,' was continully in her mouth, and, at least the latter part, in her heart. For the first clause of her creed, I never knew that her friends were very grateful, how she acted upon the second will shortly be shown. To apply her aphorism to herself, I know no one of whose actions so much forgetfulness ought to have been wished, or of whom, as christians we should have more to forgive.

Let us now suppose Mrs Colonel Canderson to have filled her two drawing-rooms with her evening party, in addition to her dinner guests; that she has left the task of making them 'comfortable'—a word not yet exploded in Brunswick Square—to her to-day, and has made herself so at her whist-table, for she has got a shrivelled, adult, roguish lawyer for her partner, and Lady Rankles for an opponent. Mrs. Canderson in all smiles, but they are glittering and false as summer ice. The appearance, the still-beautiful appearance of Lady Rankles was, on that memorable night, not beyond all description, for I could describe it—but I will not. I hold the remembrance of her as a devoted lover does the miniature of his affianced in his bosom, not to be obtruded on the eye of the inquisitive, the cold, or the worldly. There is nothing like training, after all—for who could ever have imagined that those long, white, and delicate fingers, that so agitate the bosome of the beholders, once agitated the cinder slave? The expression of her countenance, as she looked over her cards, or perhaps twice, in the course of the day, a little absence of manner, and a swimming of the eyes in tears that she could not repress, yet would not let fall, told, that even the summer of a loveliness sweet as her's was sometimes o'ercast with a passing cloud; yet did it not, on that account, seem the less transcendent.

But she had some dreadful hours of solitude. There, there was the throbbing of the riven heart, the wild tossing of the agonized wringing of the hands—'My Alfred, my little angel!' And in the darkness of night, and in the world of dreams, sleeping or waking, the icy hand of retribution lay heavy on her heart, and then the childless mother felt the horror of living blighted by the dreams of death. How often did she scan over every moment of that fatal morning, how fearfully exact was every face painted to her, that she had met in that walk; and how she strained every nerve that seemed to cut into her tightening heart, to find out some exculpation for what she wished, but could not call, her passive crime! The fact ever came painted to her in pictures of fire upon her brain, that when she missed the little, sobber from her side, she did not look back until she hoped, until she knew, that looking back was fruitless. She would repeat to herself, until it was uttered in screams—'Oh! God, I did not walk faster—I did not walk faster.' 'The flattering unction' would not lie upon her soul—and the horrible word, *infanticide*, would quiver upon her lips. Then when her compunction was of a more tender nature, how would she weep, weep, weep for succounted hours, uttering only these words, 'My poor, hungry Alfred.' But these paroxysms were not of frequent occurrence, or she would have sunk under them. They were generally brought on by seeing children of about the age of the one she had lost, weep. Miserable as all this was, she had her consolation, and that was in repentance and in prayer. It made her think of heaven oftener than otherwise she would have done, and, had it not been for this, earth would perhaps have held too much sovereignty over her.

This lovely being is now playing whist against her hostess. The stakes are rather high, Mrs Canderson is notoriously avaricious. It is short whist, a terrible provocative of short tempers. She and her partner are really playing admirably—yet they recriminate. Mrs C.'s money and good humor are fast going—there—the latter is entirely gone—that last hand did the business.

'Mr Obit,' says Mrs Canderson, flinging down her loss with much asperity, 'I think if you cannot handle parchment better than you do pasteboard, you ought not, in conscience, to undertake any man's law business.—You will pardon me, sir, but I never saw any one play worse.'

'Madam,' said the lawyer, bowing sarcastically, 'the blame of my loss, this evening, lies between three parties, myself, Mr Obit, and—fortune.' Of these three, really only unbecoming epithets could be given. As the son was going to reply, but seeing a titter upon the countenances of the standers-by, she felt that to encounter the lawyer at polite vituperative tilting, would be only kicking against the pricks; so she, like all cowardly spirits, turned round with her phial of wrath brim full, to pour it on the head of the humble in mind, and the meek in carriage.

'Lady Rankles,' said the hostess, with a most ominous emphasis on the word lady! 'I have lost to you just fifty three sovereigns this evening.'

'If it gives you pain, my dear Mrs Canderson,' she replied, mildly, 'I am really very sorry for it.'

'Gives me pain, indeed! I believe, I have got just as much pain at losing the money as you have sorrow at winning it.'

'Never said a truer word, by Jarpres,' said a voice from the crowd that usually surrounded Lady Rankles whenever she went in public. This was wormwood and bitter aloes to Mrs C.; she took, however, no notice of it, but continued, 'But perhaps her ladyship will have the goodness to give me my revenge at *ecarte*?'

'Why really, I had almost made a vow never again to play at that hateful game. You always beat me at it; and it is late; but as I see that you have set your mind upon it, we will have a game or two.'

'Then, I assure you, it must be for very high stakes, or I shall hold you craven; come you have won between fifty and sixty pounds of me, and you limit the games to three; you must say twenty pounds a game.'

'Oh, no, no!'

'Ten?' and the hostess began to shuffle the cards with eagerness.

'No, indeed; it would go against my conscience 'Ah! conscience; some consciences that would walk through fire and water without a muscle quivering, are all over nerve when they come to the card table. Do not think that I mean to be personal, Lady Rankles.'

'I fervently hope not. I really does go against my conscience, and I had already made up my mind to give the sum that I have won to night to some charity. So you see, if you win this back of me, you are winning from the poor and the unfortunate; really I am loth to to play.'

'Well, as you please, Lady Rankles,' said Mrs Canderson, with a fiendish malignity; 'but in return for your very pleasant and moral refusal to oblige me, permit me to give you a piece of excellent moral advice.—Give the money to a charity, but take care, that it be to the Foundling Hospital!'

Had sentence of death been suddenly passed upon Lady Rankles, she could not have been more horror struck. She knew that none possessed her fatal secret; but this dreadful allusion from this dreadful woman's lips, accidental as it seemed to be was like the blast of lightning. Yet, with a wonderful effort, she prevented herself from fainting; and, though deadly pale, she bowed her head as in submission to a chastisement from Heaven, and with scarcely a thought of her mortal tormentor, said with humility, 'Mrs Canderson, I will play for whatever you please.'

The hostess again mantling her face over with artificial smiles, said, 'Well, then, in deference of your scruples, that I really respect, I will meet you with consideration for your acquiescence—let the stakes be but five guineas. I am a plain honest woman, '*that never forgot my friends, or forgive my enemies*,' and if you are going to give so largely to a charity, I sincerely wish you may double your gains.' And, in her zeal for the good of the poor, she commenced playing, by laying her large white handkerchief on the table, and dropping two out of the four kings into her lap. Her opponent saw it.

Ladies cheat at cards—sometimes. The young and beautiful—bless their bright eyes!—do it daring and desperately, with a frankness that is quite charming.—Oh! they avow it and laugh at you. An excellent joke, if it did not cost us poor 'masculine humans' such an immortal deal of money. Elderly ladies, who are preparing their souls for heaven, cheat piously and secretly, in order that they may put two shillings into the plate at the door of the chapel or church, when they have a charity sermon, instead of one. These devout ones do it secretly because they know that they are, speaking of their good deeds, 'not to let the right hand know what the left doeth.' So praiseworthy an end sanctifies the means. Ladies cheat at cards—sometimes.

Lady Rankles soon lost all that she had won, and a few pounds over. Play had ceased in other quarters of the room. Many had already left, and almost all who had remained had collected around the two antagonists. The loser rose—the winner grew sappy, and again began to be sarcastic. She still kept her seat, and continued shuffling the cards. Lady Rankles' patience and forbearance were fast giving way to the attacks of the other; at length, after one more rude than the rest she said with great dignity, 'Mrs Canderson, whilst I hold any of your money, I permitted you to get it back in your *own manner*, but I can go no farther. I cannot risk my own money with a lady, who, every deal, by *accident* of course, drops one or two cards into her lap.

'Woman,' said the tigress, 'it is false!'

'It is true!' said her ladyship, and approaching her opponent, endeavored to remove the handkerchief that lay partly on the edge of the table, and partly on her lap. Something like a scuffle ensued. Mrs Canderson rose from her chair, and beside it on the ground lay three of the kings. There was a dead silence for half a minute. At length Mrs Canderson came up to Lady Rankles, and whispering distinctly in her ear, uttered these words—'Card dropping is not, after all, so bad as *child-dropping*!'

It was then that Lady Rankles appeared to be the guilty party. She staggered to her chair, and seemed ready to faint. Mrs Canderson was a great general; surprise had time to give way to indignation, she ran up to her ladyship, wiped the perspiration from her brow, kissed her on the cheek—oh! that hated kiss; and exclaimed good heavens! I trust that I have not carried the joke too far! My dear, dear Lady Rankles, it has been a jest altogether. Not one farthing of the money that you think that you have lost at *ecarte*, was ever intended to be taken. Come here, Mrs Crump, and tell Lady Rankles if all this was not a planned thing!'

The to-day advanced, and exclaimed with ready assurance, 'To be sure! it was all a planned thing.'

'A planned thing,' echoed the guests who unceremoniously departed. Lady Rankles returned the kiss of peace, took back the money, laughed at it, with a bursting heart, as an excellent joke, walked up and down the room with her hostess, gave her, and two or three who were near, an invitation for a dinner party at her own house, for the next day, again kissed her tormentor, and took her leave.

When they both found themselves alone, one said 'Gracious God! does she know my secret? Impossible—impossible! Yet she must not be provoked.'—The other, 'never forget my friends or *forgive my enemies*,' with a bitter emphasis on the four last words.

It was long before Mrs Canderson recovered that estimation in her own set, that the transaction of this memorable night had estranged from her. However, the two widows now became inseparable. Nothing that attention, flattery, or zeal could do, was left undone by Mrs Canderson to win the affection of Lady Rankles. She succeeded. About this time Mrs Canderson invited to her house a Captain Templetower, a fine, handsome youth of one-and-twenty, gentle in his manners, manly in his bearing, and, with 'all good graces that do grace a gentleman.' He was Mrs C's nephew, her only relative, an undoubted favorite, and her heir to her very considerable property. Lady Rankles admired from the first moment that she beheld him. Young Earnest was equally struck with the rich and beautiful widow; and though years were certainly not in her favor, in youthful appearance they seemed nearly equal. They were a happy trio. Young Ernest was all gratitude, and love, and devotion—Mrs Canderson all affection: her nature seemed to have undergone a change—her occasional asperity of manner to be entirely subdued—even whist and *ecarte* had lost for her half their attractions. All her energies were concentrated in promoting the happiness of her nephew and her friend. Lady Rankles had accepted him. She now began to taste a happiness at once passionate and pure; dearly she loved that handsome youth, and richly was that generous love deserved.

But no one now appeared so joyous as the aunt.—The bridal day was fixed. She had settled an ample allowance upon her nephew; so ample indeed, that circumstances, but she would not allow much straiten her own circumstances; but she would not allow to no remonstrances. She would do it. Her friend and her nephew happy, was happiness enough for her; let an old woman have her way; but upon one thing she must insist, that she alone should provide the '*wedding dress*.' This of course was readily granted; but as the day drew near, no one, not even the bride, was allowed a peep at it.—There were several young persons at work at Mrs Canderson's, but it seemed as if they had all been sworn to secrecy; for not a word respecting this wonderful dress could extracted from any of them.

We must condense our narrative, or we would gladly expatiate upon the beautiful, the noble character of young Ernest Templetower, of the entrancing felicity of his wooing, and of the many excellencies of heart that this new state of feeling elicited from our old friend Ann. Now, for the first time, at thirty-five she began to enjoy her youth: the expressionis correct, for at no time did she ever feel more youthful.

It is the wedding morning. The ceremony is to take place, with a splendid privacy, in Mrs Canderson's drawing-room: how anxiously she paces from room to room, examining that every thing has a bridal appearance. Lady Rankles arrives: two coaches and four are at the door—every thing looks brilliant. The bridegroom and Mrs Canderson receive her. The somewhat agitated hostess hurries the bride through the various apartments, shows her how elaborate have been all the preparations, what care has been bestowed to make the decorations worthy of the occasion and of the parties. She is taken to the windows and again made to observe the splendor of the equipages, presents from her to her dear nephew, which dear nephew begins to grow a little impatient.

'Why, dear aunt, expatiate so long upon these mere gauds!'

'Boy,' said she, 'Lady Rankles may never again have such sweet feelings, such unmixed enjoyment—let her drink her fill. O,' said she solemnly, 'sufficient to the day shall we find the evil thereof.'

'That is an unlucky quotation, however, aunt, though from so excellent a book, for my bridal morning.'

The bride, struck with something excessively singular in the manner of Mrs Canderson, said, 'God, in his mercy, grant that it may not be appropriate.'

'Lady Rankles, I cannot say Amen.'

There appeared now an expression so deeply sorrowful, so almost repentant in the countenance of the hostess, that it was a fearful thing, even to look upon it. She then continued, "Follow me, Lady Rankles, and you, Ernest, come with us. I am about to present to your affianced bride her wedding dress. It may not be so splendid as she expects, but it is one that she will never forget.' As they proceeded toward Mrs Canderson's boudoir, her gaiety had apparently returned. She used some sparkling impertinances that are so common-place on marriage mornings, that both her followers conceived that the dark cloud had passed from her. Here would I pause; but I have imposed a task upon myself, and bitter as it is, the task I will complete. Behold the three in the boudoir, the door of which the owner has carefully closed. She grew very pale, and appeared to be terrified at the act she was about to commit. Twice she strove for utterance, and twice nothing but an indistinct murmur escaped her lips. At length a shrill unnatural voice burst from her, and producing a common looking old deal box, she spoke thus: 'Lady Rankles, this is your wedding day. I have contrived it—I have labored for it—I have prayed for it—and I have achieved it—*I never forgot my friends*, or FORGIVE MY ENEMIES! This day day shall you be wedded to misery inexhaustible!'

'My dear aunt!'

'Gracious heavens! what do you mean?' were the simultaneous exclamations of her alarmed auditors.

'That I never forget my enemies! This, madam, is your wedding day! And that ——' throwing at her feet some rags that formed, apparently the dress of a child in very humble life, 'that is your wedding dress; and so sure as God will, must punish meditated infanticide, and so sure I stand here an avenged woman, so sure is the bridegroom that is trembling there before you, Alfred Runt, the owner of that dress, at once your affianced husband, and your deserted son!'

'Monster!' exclaimed the almost petrified youth.

'Aye, monster, if you will! The curse of God, and of outraged nature, lies between you and your loves; but still she may make you a decent mother, though she did abandon you to starve in streets. But beware of the motherly kiss, of the filial embrace, there may be in them an unholy fire. I say, young man, beware!'

Hitherto had the agonized mother preserved a silence, that appeared like stupefaction, yet was not. It was the awful concentration of all direful fancies, of all horrible thoughts; but the frame could no longer bear this intensity of suffering. One long, wild shriek, escaped from her distended mouth, and she fell in a paroxysm on the floor. Alfred rushed to support her: he held her head upon one of his knees, and wiped carefully away the small streams of blood that issued from her nostrils and the corners of her mouth, and once kissed the clammy and insensible forehead of his apparently dying parent; whilst the pale witch, her executioner, stood over the group, and extending her long, skinny fingers toward him, again croaked out her sepulchral 'beware!'

Notwithstanding the dangerous symptoms of her fit, Lady Rankles slowly recovered. She rose, she rallied, and with the awful dignity of unutterable misery, she thus addressed her torturer. 'Woman! you think that I am going to curse you. God, in his unspeakable goodness, forbid! I am a humbled—a debased—a guilty creature; yet as such, I will pray for you—I will bless you! See me here, in unfeigned humility, kneel at your feet, and reverently kiss the hem of your garment, for shewing me this great mercy in thus stopping me short of irreparable crime. God bless you for it!—[illegible] heart. Come, my son, my son. My little Alfred! let us leave this wretched woman. Do you know, Alfred, my boy, that I am nearly forty how could I have been so deceived? You really look very, very young. You have not yet called me—'mother!'

'My dear mother!" said the distracted youth, kneeling before her.

'Do you see that?' said the triumphant parent, 'my boy kneels for my blessing! And what demon shall stand by and say, that I shall not bless and embrace him?" And then, with uplifted hands she prayed silently over him for a space, blessed him audibly, and placed the maternal kiss upon his cheek. 'Now my son,' she continued, 'lead me from this wretched place.' As Alfred was leading his mother reverently away, Mrs Canderson called out to him, 'Captain Templetower, I wish not to quarrel with you.'

'I know you know no more,' was the brief and stern reply.

We have finished. We detest windings up. The mother became happier than the wife probably would have been, the son than the husband. Mrs Canderson could not tell the story to her own credit. How she came with Alfred for a nephew, she would not tell at all: we will in a few words, merely to satisfy the curious. She had had, many years ago, some passages of love with the late Colonel Canderson. He was about to leave when he was but a Lieutenant, and she but a miss in a delicate situation, as she was pleased to say. He was honorable, and her affirmation procured her a hasty marriage immediately before he sailed for India. She duly wrote him tidings of her safe delivery of a fine boy, &c., charges of housekeeping and nursing were heavy, and he as duly made remittances to meet them, and, some four years afterwards he was expected home daily, and the child that he has been so lavish in supporting had yet to be sought for. Mrs Canderson *stole from Lady Rankles*, what she then, as Mrs Runt, would have so willingly given away.

On that unhappy morning for the then miserable Ann, Mrs. Canderson had marked her unquiet eye, her faltering step, her haggared features; she saw the child trailed unwillingly after her, and too willingly allowed to lag behind. She watched her down the long street, and never doubted for a moment, from her whole demeanor, that she intended to leave it to its fate. The child, as we have before mentioned, was subsequently cried and bill were posted, that fully acquainted Mrs C. who was the parent, and she satisfied herself of every particular concerning it. The boy was sent to the country to nurse, but Mrs Canderson remained on the spot, almost a neighbor to the mother, of whom, as all the events of her life passed in the vicinity, she never lost sight. She therfore traced her through all her gradations, [illegible] from her, contrived to form her acquaintance. She kept the secret inviolably from all but her husband, intending, no doubt, to set as circumstances might make it necessary.

The colonel loved the child dearly, and believed it to be his own. He quarelled with his wife one day—a thing naturally to be expected, and she, acting up to her rule of always revenging, struck a deadly blow at his peace of mind, by telling him the truth about the child he so much loved. As there was entailed property in the family, he was too principled to wish to continue the deception to the injury of the heir-in-law;—but he treated him still as a son, though that name was changed into nephew. All the property that could be devised to Alfred, the colonel left him. May he long live to enjoy it!

[From the Court Magazine.]

THE FAIRY MAN.

By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee then this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling.

Drayton.

'Ah! thin, now, Norry Branigan, is it the truth you're telling me?'

'Thruth, ay, the real thruth, the whole thruth, and nothin' in the universal world but the thruth: the *fairy* man tould me to the very syllable what would happen.'

'Well, sure, there's nothin' can exceed the art of man, barrin' it be a bee, for the cutest of them all, I'm tould, could'at make *the other side* of a honey-comb—but now, Norry Branigan, can it be possible that the ould fairy man has stirred out of his hole on the side of Slieveanaman, and is at this minute in the town of Clonmel?'

'It's as thrue as there's salmon in the Suir, or a fight on a fair-day at Nenagh.'

'Oh, thin, that's as sure as there is a hole in my ould stockin'—but for all that it appears as impossible as that Teddy Malone would go to a wake, and come home again without a sup in his head, and a crack on his skull. But, what could have stirred the ould man off the side of the hill, where we all know he has been living these forty years, though none of us can tell how he came there?'

'Why,' thin, Molly Walsh, just listen, for I heard it from his own lips, not an hour ago, in Jack Luther's public-house, where he is now trating every body that comes in, and threatens to send the fairies after any one that pays but himself.'

'Hacks, but that's a new turn for him, for long as I know him, he was always willing to take, but never to spend; and the last time our cow was bewitched, and would'at give half her milk, I had to give three bottles of whiskey and a tester to cure her.'

'Arrah! thin, Molly Walsh, if you wish to know the story, sure, you must listen, and not let your tongue go like the clapper of a mill.'

'There for you, Norry, I'll stand as still as the hand of the church-clock of Lisheen, that hasn't moved these twenty years.'

'Well, thin, here's the whole fact for you; and it only shows you, what a knowing thief of the world Tom Russel, the fairy man, must be. Here I may say we have been working for years to make his fortune. If a sheep was stolen, there were three shillings for Tom to tell who was the thief. If the potato ridge was dug up in the night by those who had'nt planted it, there were so many shillings for the fairy man to turn the sieve and show which way they went. If the house was robbed, there was money for Russel to put the key in the Bible, and let us know whom we ought to search. If a child was fairy-struck, or changed at nurse, there was a little bit of gold, at the least, or the fairy doctor would not curse it, or come near the house to put it out on the shovel.'

'Oh! that I may'nt sin!' said Molly Walsh, interrupting her: 'but he used to do that illigantly. Why, there was my own daughter's gossip's child—she had a babby, and the day it was born, a lovelier angel you never set your two good-looking eyes upon—it had a laugh for every one, and a smile that would bring sunlight into the room the darkest day in winter—it had never done crowing, and jumping, and coaxing the very lips of you with kissing. Well, one day it wakened out of its sleep screeching. Oh, my jewel, it had been fairy-struck—you could see it at once—it wasn't itself that was in it at all. There, instead of a fine fat, firm, bouncin' infant, there was nothing in the world left but a cradle full of bones!—a wheening, keening, yelping, howling, screeching brat, that the tears were never out of its eyes, and the bawl never out of its ugly venomous little mouth, that was as full of teeth as a saw. Let the poor woman do what she could with it, its cry never stopped. It never ate a bit—there it was in its cradle, until it was four years old, and if a fog if would never lay to the ground. The poor mother's arm was nearly dragged out of her body carrying the little imp about; for it would not lie easy in the cradle itself, not even while she was baking a griddle of bread for its father's breakfast in the morning. Well, my dear, from the time the child was three years of age, no matter how high the shelf was upon which the griddle of bread was placed, it was sure to disappear before the next morning. No one could tell how the bread went, until the mother thought of going to Tom Russel, the fairy man, and was cute enough he soon let her into the secret who was the thief, and how to get rid of him. As usual, that very night the poor woman baked her griddle of bread, and put it up on a shelf that was over the hob. Shortly after she went to bed, and pretended to go asleep; but for all that she had an eye on the infant. She saw, in about half an hour, the baby that couldn't stir a step, sit stout up in his cradle—cock his ear one way, and then another—the mother gave a little snore, as if she was killed dead with fatigue, and with that the puny imp of a divil flings all the clothes off, stands straight and clever as a grown man would, and gives a jump clean head over heels out of where he had been lying, and comes as light as a goat into the very middle of the floor. With that he runs about, peeping here and there for the griddle of bread, and at last he spies it on the shelf.

"'Bad luck and confusion!' says he, 'to the ould fagot that put it up so high; I'm as hungry as a hawk, and as ravenous as a kite, and if I miss my jump to get at the griddle, I'll fall in the fire, and be burnt like a grishkin—but here goes—it's a trick of youth, as the old fogy said, when he threw himself into the Liffy, and with that, my jewel, he goes to the very end of the room, to have a better run, and up he comes flying, and lighting as easy on the high shelf, as a sparrow would on the top of a house. Then if you were to see the [illegible] nimble gossoon, and he peeping down at his poor mother, that he thought was asleep, and that he knew he was robbin.' At last he got tired capering about—but he takes the griddle of bread, that was as large as himself, under one arm, and with a jump comes right into the middle of the cradle; and his poor mother fell asleep, listening to the noise he made munching and crunching the bread all night. The first thing she heard in the morning was the eternal yowl of the ill-thrivan brat.—She went over to the cradle, and looked into it. There wasn't the sign of as much as a crumb in it—it had all gone into his nasty gullet. She never said a word; but went out and borrowed a shovel—she put down a roaring fire, and clapped the shovel on the top of it. If you were to see how the weeny villain twisted in his cradle, when he saw what she was about—but never said a word, only kept keening on, as usual. My daughter, who lent the shovel to her gossip, went in to see what she wanted with it—

"'Ah! then, Judy a chree,' says she, 'what are you doing with the shovel?'

"'Waiting, gossip,' answered the other, 'until it is red hot, in order that I may put that brat that's crowling there for many a year before me out of the door on it.'

"'Then more power to you for a one, Judy,' says my daughter, 'for its only ere-last-night, after eating your bread, that he jumped down our chimney, and began playing Scotch-hop with my sassers, so that the devil a bit of a whole delft he has left in the house after him. So, Judy, do you warm

indeed, since I began to be a fairy myself, I never give for a Christian soul either kind of cure that I'd order for a horse—and many 'ud! Shure that's the cure they, who of their betters in England, the best benefit to shelter them from the rain, the good of the land, penny if it to fill their coffers, and the clean water, and the cozy beds for them to sleep on at night. An Englishman must be a far more tender animal than your Irishman, and what is good for the one, ought in due ration to be more than good for the other.

'Sure and maybe I am that I'd never have left England (though they have nothing like the real thing in it) to turn fairy man in Ireland, only that I never could stir out of the matter's, that I wouldn't, like Mick Ryan's mare and my own pasted up upon every street. Now, I didn't like that at all; but I kept quite minding it, until one day I was busy shoeing a horse, in walked two mighty ordinary, decentish looking men; and I thought I saw the but end of a pair of handcuffs peeping out of their pockets. Over straight they walked to me, and says one of them to me.

'Do you know one Tom Russell, honest man?'

'Well,' says I, 'though it's not in the regard of honesty you're looking after him.'

'Can you show us to him?'

'Oh! thought I, it's the lady shoes will want to make of him. 'Then,' says I 'whist till you give me?'

'More than you can carry.'

'Ay, faith, if I was to tell the truth (thinking of the handcuffs,) to you that would, and more than I'd with to carry. I'd surely have my hands full of all events.

'Well,' said I, aloud, to them, 'if you only stop until I shoe this horse, I'll bring Tom Russell to you.'

'Ay but we are in a hurry.'

'Faith,' answers I, 'you must wait until your hurry is over; for I'll never bring Tom Russell to you, until I have done shoeing this horse. So if you like, go and take a drop in that gin shop over the way; and all I can say is that if any thing could bring me make mine to you, it would be the hope of getting a little big drink. But mind, you are not to expect me until I shoe this horse.'

'And sure it was only the real fact that I told them; for I never finished shoeing the poor beast from that day to this. The very moment they turned their backs, I never stopped to ask the master for my week's wages—indeed, to the best of my opinion I had got in my pocket that morning more for him than would pay myself for a month, and as I was in too great a hurry to stop and settle the account—but out I out, and made my way back to poor auld Ireland again, where, after all, one man that had killed another (by accident) has a far better chance of keeping out of sight of that mighty unbecoming ornament, a judge's black cap, than he has in England.

'I kept wandering, and meandering, and not knowing where to go, like a dog in a fair, until one day I was passing through the Bothered Glen, that you all know is on the other side of Shivenaman, and lay down there on the other side of the streame, as tired of myself as a tinker of his wallet.'

Tom Russell here took a full glass of strong whiskey as if for the purpose of giving fillip to his imagination, and then proceeded.

'As I had nothing else in the world to do, I kept looking at the clear streame that was brawlin' about my ears, as noisy and as furious as a schoolmaster, in a passion, and gazing down at the little pebbles that the water had made as smooth as marbles, when what should I see lying in the middle of them but a great big white cockle-shell. 'Arrah, then,' says I, putting my hand down in the stream, 'what in the world brought a cockle-shell, may be all the way from Boomahon, to lie down here in the Bothered Glen?'

'With that I took it, cleaned it in the end of my cravat, and as I had no other means of divartin' myself, I put it down on the strame again, to see if it could swim.

'May be I wasn't surprised to see it sail away beautifully rising up and down so illigantly over the waves, just like a boat in a rough sea, and exactly as if there was somebody inside of it taking about hither and thither, to keep from the big stones in the middle of the brook, and that if it hit against one of them wouldn't leave it fit for pinkeen to look at. At long and last, by the greatest seamanship it arrived at the other side, and hardly had got it there, when I heard a voice saying,

'Mightily obliged to you, Mister Russell. It's you that's a decent man, to take my boat out of the water, clean it for me, and enable me to get over that dirty bit of water. It's five hundred and fifty-five thousand years, nine months and fourteen days, six hours, forty-five minutes, and twenty seconds, that myself and my shell have have been lyin' there; and though many a one has seen the distress I was in, there was nobody but yourself ever thought of helpin' me. Beyond money, or the eatin' and the drinkin', ask me for what you like, and I'll give it to you.'

'Then faith, your honor, those are just the very things I would like to have; but sure you can save me from being cotcht in the regard of Mick Ryan?'

'Make yourself easy, Tom,' said the voice, 'for from this day out they might as well try to lay hold of a sunbeame, as place their sunsetenal paws upon you.'

'And may be,' says I, your glory would tell me how to make money yet?'

'Yes,' says the voice, 'as sure as you've a nose on your face, and how to get it in the lottery, too; and it's this way—'

'What way?' asked the talkative Harry Welsh.

'Bother!' replied the fairy man, 'I'm not so drunk yet that I'm going to tell you all my secrets. But listen to our discourse, and if you cant stop talking any other way, put a pewter mug on your countenance, and never cease drinkin'.

'Then please your magnificence,' said I double quick, 'how am I to make sure any thing while I am waitin' for my own ticket to be drawn?'

'Turn fairy-doctor,' said he, 'and I'll stick to you like a brother.'

'And where will I settle?' says I.

'Where they'll ask you for no rint,' says he.

'Ah! then where's that?'

'On the top of the Shivenaman, where you'll be above all the landlords in the country.'

'Thank your honor,' I said; 'but now, may be you'd let me look at you, bekase I never seen a fairy?'

'Troth, and Tom, says he, 'I don't like doin' that same, as I have been so long down there, that I am really nothing better than an my dishybill.'

'If you aren't shaved, you're well washed any how,' observed myself, 'you've been so long in the streame.—But don't be ashamed to let us see you, for I'm not the prettiest object to look at either, so more than your highness.'

'Well, here I am for you,' said he.

'Where?' said I.

'Here!'

'Ah! then is it bouldin' me out you are; for the never a thing I see but the cockle-shell, and nothing in it?'

'What a heathen you must be not to see me!'

'Faith, if you were the size of Cuchulin himself, I couldn't but re-say-since you;' I bawled out, and rambled him up with a big word, just to show him, as he was goin' to make a dossier of me, I had some larnin.'

'Well,' said he, if you want to dishiver me, just look at the prunka-hole right forenent you, and you'll see me sittin on the top blossom of it.'

'That I may never have a noggin of buttermilk or a salt herrin' with my supties, but there he was, sure enough, and a fine looking small gentleman, dressed out in blue and gold, like a good admiral, although not one tenth the size of the yellow caterpillar that was fee'tin by the side of him.

'The divil a smash your honor will ever pay for coach hire,' says I, 'for no bigger nor that you intend to grow.'

'None of your nonsense, Tom,' he replied, getting into a passion, 'what do I want with coaches, when I can get on a butterfly's back any day? or if the worst goes to the worst, couldn't some of the swallows, that carry me from this to Midsummer season when you'd be sayin' your prayers?'

'Faith, and that's [illegible] truly; but now, would your magnificence do such thing for me?'

'Well, whatever you have to say, say it quick,' said he, 'for I want to go home and eat my dinner.'

'A family!' cried I, thinking out with wonder; 'oh, then, has a quaneen like you a family?'

'By dad, I have twenty-five sons, and forty eight daughters; and I'll say it, Tom, that neighbor's is not to say it, there's not a finer family in the land.'

'Are they all as tall as yourself?'

'No, not at all,' he replied drawing himself up to the top of the prunka-hole, until he looked almost as tall as a middlin pin.

'Then may be your honor would not let me see them?'

'Yes, and a hundred thousand welcomes,' said he, 'only when you get in this you don't open it to say any, or out of it you'll many go.'

'That's mighty hard, your honor; but I'll mind what you say.'

'Now, he remarked, 'when I should up my little finger, do you with to be at the West and you'll find yourself there.'

'As to the little finger there was no more going that, than if he had desired me to make out a little finger on a spider; but seeing him lift his almost invisible hand, I wished to be at the West, and there through three [illegible] opposite a lovely green hillock, that every one knows to be the fairies' moat, and to see the road between Passage and the town of Waterford. I was never more off-hand with astonishment in all my born days; for the little chap I was talking to, I was quite sure was a Tipperary fairy, and not one that would come all the way from Wexford to be drowned for so paltry quean in the Bothered Glen. All I could see was a fairy fort before me. The little admiral had disappeared, but then such screeching and shouting, and laughing as I could hear under the green grass, and cries of 'He's back again! he's back again!' like it was like nothing in the world but the yelpin' and squirlin' of a parcel of terriers, when a big rat-hole is opened for them. At last what should I see open but a door in the side of a hillock, and out walks a little, crushty, ill-conditioned, very terribly out of the way auld man, and he comes up to me and says—

'Tom Russell, cut your stick—disperse—be off, for this is 'charmed ground, and every word you've been saying nothing but rammish—plain, naked, unmeanin' discourse, ecumenable, ecumenical blatherumskite—'

Tom Russell fell on the floor dead drunk.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER NO. II.—NEW YORK.

Mr. Editor—After leaving my portmanteau with the worthy host of the Custom House Hotel, I took a stroll about this immense Gotham, which is yet destined to eclipse its English sister city, London. It was yet very early—hardly five o'clock, and the population was still in the arms of Morpheus. Wandering forth, carelessly as to the wherefore, but determined to make the best use of two good eyes, I first stumbled upon the *Battery*—a very pleasant place, composed of large handsome trees, tastefully arranged walks, and bordering on the river. Within a stones' throw, seated in two of these beautiful row boats for which New York is so justly celebrated, were two rival Boat Clubs, in their fancy sailor dress. These crack watermen (very genteel young men, by the way) had turned out thus early, and were sporting merrily with this healthy, and, as I take it, (in spite of an old cock, who afterwards wasted an hour on me in lecturing upon its *extreme* sinfulness,) *innocent* recreation. But if there be aught of sin in it, Capt. Maryatt and his Jacob Faithful are answerable for it. *His* work—of the first *water* tho' it be—set the heads of our young men agog, and my christian friend thinks 'he had ought to be talked to.' Near by, built in the water and connected to the Battery by a neat bridge of but a few yards in length, is *Castle Garden*, in which (upon visiting it afterwards) I was much disappointed. Any one unacquainted with the *locale* would naturally suppose it to be a large *garden*. But there is not a flower, blade of grass, or the least vestige of a garden visible; and why under heavens they should call it *garden* I can't conceive, unless peradventure it be that *brandy blossoms* thrive there.

At the entrance you pay twelve and a half cents, which (in addition to your admittance) entitles you to a glass of stale lemonade, a segar, or some such small matter. This reminds me of the eccentric Timothy Dexter's orders accompanying his consignment of warming pans and skates to the West Indies—'that not a pan be sold unless a pair of *skates* be sold with it.'

Leaving the Battery I next came to the "*Burnt District.*" Little now remains to tell the tale of the great conflagration. New York enterprise has almost magically raised huge masses of brick and mortar—handsome and convenient stores—upon the spot so lately a mass of smouldering ruin.

The Milkmen were now pouring in with their miserably lean horses—poor wagons, and worse milk. Boston milkmen are princes in comparison. Instead of the pure honey cans which are used with us, a milkman in New York (and it is the case with all of them) carries a his cart but *one* receptacle for his merchandize, but that is of mammoth size, resembling a large oil canister, into the top of which he dips his dirty measure and still dirtier fist, and brings forth a whitish blue liquid, which in New York is called *milk*, but in our good city we could hardly find a name for. Verily ye men of milk, here is room for improvement. Another—what appeared to me—whimsical and shiftless notion, was the *sale of water*. These rules are very similar to those of milk. The waterman has his water in a hogshead, and with his horse and dray drives round in the morning to the houses of his customers, measures out his water, and drives on again. The miserable water they have there, puts a damper on cold water societies, and consequently grog-shops are all the go. Sickness and crime would be much lessened in that city if the proper authorities would follow Philadelphia's laudable example, and introduce in the *proper way*, good *pure water*.

After breakfast I visited the *News Room* of the *Messrs Hudson*. They are smart, enterprising young men, and deserve all that New York can do for them. This was Tuesday, and was the day for the Long Island Races, to attend which I was very politely invited, and in company with five 'York [blades,' started in a barouche for the course, (a distance of eleven miles) upon which we arrived just in season to see the race of North and South, *Postboy* and *Bascomb*. There were upwards of twenty thousand people present—and what a variety! Old and young, white, black, blue, green and grey.—Here you might see the rich *Southerner*, his fist crammed with bank notes, criticising with the eye of a connoisseur, the make and build of the Northern Horse—Postboy—and calculating the chances against 'the honor of the South.' He is an enthusiast in horse-flesh. The ladies in the gallery are gaily taking sides for the approaching contest, some of them, much we fear to the detriment of their husband's purses. Then on the out side the *Darbies* are betting—the *Irishmen* are betting—and *all* are betting—always excepting a few steady ones like myself.

In the midst of the countless multitude that throng the course, iniquity reams barefaced. The rascally *sharpers* are pigeoning the green horns with the cap-game—the gamblers intensely interested to all appearance in the race, in shyly feeling in the pockets of his neighbors—the clerk-in taking the last note, purloined from his master's strong box, on the turning of a cent—and that rare gambler in snubbing with the pretty chambermaid by his side, for no good purpose, but that time will develope. Among the alarmingly many courtezans and prostitutes, (Ellen Jewett' every one of them) that disgraced the course with their gay trappings and splendid equipages, and attended by 'respectable young gentlemen' and 'gentlemen,' was one face which seemed familiar to me. I was told that it was *Mary Harris*—and I recollected her. She was the beautiful but frail fair one, who, conscience stricken, threw herself off the Mildam some twelve-month since. I was present at her rescue.—This circumstance affected her deeply, and it was thought she would reform, but her evil feelings predominated.—She went to New York, and was at the time I speak of, deeper in the road to eternal ruin than ever!

The race between Bascomb and Postboy was about commencing—the horses, both beautiful light bays, were led on to the course by their riders boys, fancifully dressed, and wearing spurs, each being deeply interested in his own success, having a large sum promised in case of a favorable issue. The riders mounted—the bugle sounded the note for departure—and they were off like electric lightning.

From the commencement the issue could easily be foreseen,—Bascomb shew the best brush and best handsomely. A great deal of money changed hands on that day. Every body seemed happy, (although their pocketbooks were plenty, I have no doubt,) except the little fellow that rode Postboy—he hold down his head almost ashamed—the scene crossed their way down his cheeks—and he could not disguise his sorrow. How I pitied that boy! There were some races of less note to take place the same day, but our party concluded to turn our horses heads homeward. We arrived at York at five, took tea, and at seven visited the Gallery—a fine collection of paintings, and much better than those at our Athenæum last season. At ten we felt hungry, and patronized what is there called a 'crack restaurateur' for a supper. Perhaps I think too highly of our own city and too low of others, but for all that, the Restaurateurs in New York are miserable. How I longed for the neat little side table at our friend *Gose's*.

In that great city they are so full of business that every thing is done in a hurry—not with merchants only, but with every body—milkmen, strawberry women, editors, shoe-blacks, and restaurateurs. *They can't stop* to gather up the odds and ends. Hence, if we may judge by the looks, *dishcloth* and *water* are seldom used in these cook-shops.

At nine o'clock next morning (Wednesday) I paid my bill, shook hands with my landlord, (Mr. James Horn, whose excellent house I recommend to the notice of travellers,) and taking my valise, went on board the steamer Independence for Philadelphia.

L.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1826.

TO AUTHORS.

In the course of the last year the Publishers of the Galaxy offered sums as prizes for literary articles. The time fixed for their reception was the First of June of the present year, and the Publishers found to their regret that not a sufficient number had been received to authorise presenting them to a committee for judgment. Determined, however, to do all in our power to please our subscribers—determined to provide for the Galaxy the best literary articles which can be obtained, we resolved to INCREASE THE SUM FORMERLY PROPOSED, in order that it may be considered an object for writers to compete for the prizes, and that better productions may be the result; we, therefore, offer a prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

for the best tale, TWENTY-FIVE for the second best, and TWENTY-FIVE for the best POEM.

The Manuscripts must be sent (☞ post paid, to the publishers, before the First of October next, at which time they will be handed to a Committee for their decision.

We also propose to send the Galaxy free to unsuccessful authors, whose productions may be deemed worthy of publication.

Boston, June 1, 1826.

To our old leathern chair—

PORTLAND, Aug. 27.

We adverted in our first letter to the business of Portland; and our remarks were the result of our first impressions. We have since conversed with several of the merchants of the city, and we have learned that Portland is decidedly on the advance. Rents are constantly rising, and in favorable seasons of the year, there is life and animation in the business portions of the city, which bespeak a healthy tone, and gives promise of a gratifying future. We are happy that our deductions from present appearance were so opposed in any measure to the truth.

We ever make it a point when we make our first appearance in any place, to note the architecture, beauty or deformity of the public buildings—the width of the streets, and the number of the trees, that spread their branches over public grounds—for as in all general measures the majority rules, so are these particulars sure tests of the taste and feelings of a community. There can be no more distinguishing characteristics revealed, and judgment may safely in particular cases, be passed upon this evidence. Portland is not by this ordeal in the first rank for taste. She has no fine edifices to point at with praise. The Methodist Church is a large but not imposing structure, the Court House has nothing in particular to recommend it. The dwelling houses are but few of them of any special beauty and the City Hall is a disgrace to its name. The Unitarian Church is handsome.

Leaving the chief city of the lumber State, we embarked on board the good steamer Bangor for a visit to its rival, Bangor. We coasted along, within numerous islands, by the most delightful shores imaginable, passed the mouth of the Kennebec, sailed under craggy rocks, viewed with delight the smiling villages that lifted their roofs and their holy spires in simple beauty on the coast, and arrived at Owl's Head—our first stopping place. This is truly a delightful spot—and now that it has a good Hotel with immediate connection with two cities by steam navigation, must be a fine place of resort. There is a beautiful bay, shut out from the storms that course in wildness over the unsheltered deep, by wooded Islands—and the angler may ply his pleasant task in the still waters.

Passing the harbor of Belfast, we entered the mouth of the Penobscot—and nature in all her richest robe of beauty burst upon us. The day was peculiarly fine, and the steamer plied her steady way beneath the shadows of the trees on the undulating shore; now rising in hills, now frowning over the stream in an abrupt precipice. The Penobscot is a very—very beautiful river. It has not much boldness of scenery, but its wild beauty gives it a peculiar charm.

Bucksport is the first village to which we arrived. It lies upon the side of a steep hill at the point where the river makes a sudden inclination, and appeared therefore directly before us as we approached from below. With a pure and gratifying reflection, did the fathers of this village in the wilderness, place the church of God on a knoll apart from the dwellings of the worshippers therein—and planted the trees of the forest about it—and now it lifts its simple spire above their tops in sacred solitude.—We learned that the descendants of these venerable men, have resolved to build another church nearer the village, as it is too far in their estimation to *walk* to meeting. So is utility praising every where the foot-prints of beauty. So are these Goths and Vandals even here—where nature in her sweet robe teaches so much!

The scenery above Bucksport improves in richness and variety. We will not detain the reader by detailing our sensations, but will pass over the remainder of our sail and arrive with him at Bangor.

This city of the East has been a most prominent object in the minds of all in *New England for the last few years*. Bangor lands, Bangor timber, and Bangor mills, have been themes for the speculators to feast largely upon and to form golden visions. The city has grown with a rapidity which can only be comprehended when it is remembered that all the energies of thousands have been employed to call it into existence. But what are its true claims to prosperity? What has it to sustain the vital principle? Where are the means to afford support to a multitude suddenly congregated? We fear that Bangor must retrograde, or will certainly for many years drag on a slow existence and not realize the expectations which have been formed of it. This lumber trade will eventually bring riches to it, but it has thrust itself forward beyond its means; the fever of speculation has reared its stores and wharves and dwelling houses, and now that a city is made, and a multitude is congregated together, the raging madness which infected all, has died away, for it had no stamina to support it in its extended range. The streets of Bangor are deserted. Stillness reigns even where in its domains—and to our enquiries respecting the property of its citizens, many shook their heads in ominous distrust.

The Bangorians do nothing by halves. They had the renowned fifty thousand dollars to grade their streets, and have chopped away the banks here, there, and every where with praiseworthy despatch. They have borrowed too, a second fifty thousand to build a market house, and have laid the foundations in the bed of the river, the entrance to be from two bridges. All this is well—if their business will ever enable them to pay for these improvements.

To the politeness of Charles Gilman, Esq. Editor of the Maine Monthly Magazine, we are indebted for much information during a ride with him about the city. The public buildings of Portland reflect no great credit upon the place, while some are absolutely deformities from their want of architectural proportions. The first Trinitarian church, on Hanover street we believe, has two steeples and appears as if in imminent danger of tipping over forward. It is no ornament to the city. The Court House is handsome with the exception of the portico, which is not proportio nal to the size of the building and is what may be termed squat. We were in doubt what to call the Theological Seminary of which we have heard much. It seemed more like a workhouse or penitentiary than any thing else—and yet they talk of building another just like it.

We took a ride to Orono, Stillwater and Old Town.—Saw the huge and numerous sawmills in each of these places, none of which were in operation, as the river was unusually dry and there was neither water nor logs—as they could come down the stream. We crossed over the river to the Indian settlement and were much interested. The Indians in houses and huts commodious, some neatly painted without, but all dirty and heathenish within.

Several of the little Indian boys came running out for our party to "put 'em up a cent" to fire at with their bows and arrows. One among them excited great attention.—He was a humpback—exceedingly deformed, and apparently about sixteen years of age. His head was large and his eye piercing. He would draw his arrow to the head, fixing his eyes above the mark on some more distant object, his white teeth gleaming through his thin lips, and seldom did he miss the aim.

The priest of the Indians is a fine looking man, and we went with him into his little church. How striking must be the appearance of the motley worshippers when congregated together. We gave the priest a donation and then departed—wondering at the character of the man who can live in exile among such beings upon a poor pittance, for the love of God and his fellow men!

We have said that they do things in Bangor by wholesale, and it is certain that our hackmen charged us a rascally sum—for he compelled us to pay *sixteen dollars* for two hacks for five hours, travelling a distance of twelve miles! They told us it was the *usual* charge.

We put up at the Bangor House and regretted much to see its deserted state—as the proprietors becoming angry with the lessee, Mr H. S. Wood, have removed the furniture. Mr Wood, in the opinion of the majority is in the right—and as he is much of a gentleman as he is excellent as a landlord, we hope his course may be triumphant.

Camp Meetings.—This description of meetings, which were first resorted to by the Presbyterians, are now confined almost exclusively to the Methodist denomination. By tracing them to their origin, we shall find that they were, at first, a matter of necessity. The Presbyterians, at the South and West, were scattered over an immense tract of country; and when they met to partake of the Sacrament, a large concourse always attended—some from a vast distance. They brought their provisions in waggons, and encamped regularly in the open air, where they remained several days, preaching, praying and singing. In course of time, the methodists joined in these protracted meetings with the Presbyterians, and members of both denominations worshipped in common. But the Presbyterians have now abandoned the custom of holding camp meetings, while the Methodists have continued it, in every part of the country.

A suitable spot, combining shade, with other facilities, is pitched upon, seats are built, and the portion of space they occupied is regarded as the consecrated ground. The meetings are kept up both day and night; and it is said that the performances always strike a stranger with awe, and are calculated to inspire him with feelings both sublime and devout. It is not improbable that many flock thither from curiosity,—some for bad purposes,—but it is to such that Jesus declared he was sent—'to save the lost sheep of the House of Israel.' [illegible] the seats of benches, as much order prevails as could be expected from so vast an assemblage; and that many go away with their good purposes renewed, or their consciences aroused, cannot be doubted.

The scene must be peculiarly imposing at night, when the grove is brilliantly illuminated, and the green wood is made vocal by songs of praise and earnest prayers to the great Author of the creation. There is a freedom—a mixture of the devout with the poetical in this description of worship which may be pronounced truly romantic and captivating to the imagination. Here God is not worshipped in a house made with men's hands, where the idea of *art* obstrudes itself on the mind—but in the everlasting halls which His own right hand hath reared—beneath the starry cannopy which is declared to be his handy work, the man of God pleads with his Maker; and on altars which the Eternal has built rises the incense of a broken and contrite spirit.—We are reminded of John preaching in the wilderness, when all Judea went out to hear him: and of the expostulations of the Savior with the hardened Jews, on the mountain tops, in the desert where five thousand were fed by a miracle—and the garden of Gethsemane where his last agonizing prayer went up, "Father, suffer this cup to pass from me, if it be thy will—Nevertheless not my will but thine be done!"

There can be no doubt that the free gushings of the heart—the natural and spontaneous religion of the soul, are restrained and circumscribed by the rules of art, and the affectations of refined society. We, therefore, regard Camp Meetings as a relict of the original and practical construction of society, an evergreen spot upon the plain, which has not yet been trampled by the hoof of reform, or blighted by the withering breath of affected refinement.

Politeness and Fashion.—It is a custom, we understand, at the South, and some 'travelled' gentlemen are endevoring to introduce it here, for gentlemen to attend parties, &c., and walk about the whole evening, with their hats in their hands, and even with canes, and to dance therewith. We do not object to the observance of proper rules of politeness and fashion, nor to their many absurdities—for an attempt at reform would be like an endeavor to drain the ocean—but we must enter our protest against this new encroachment on old customs, based as it is directly on the utmost *impoliteness*. To carry ones hat throughout an evening gives an appearance of restlessness—of dissatisfaction—of a determination to depart immediately, and of course breaks in upon sociability. It is unseemly too—and an unsightly appendage. The impropriety of the procedure is made directly manifest by supposing that every gentleman should follow the practice, and also every lady—hats and bonnets would mingle in dire confusion.

We hope that this *new fashion*—whether originating at the South, or an importation from Europe, may not obtain currency—or it will lead to *severe* results—and we shall have gentlemen in our drawing-rooms conversing with the ladies, with a hat and cane in one hand and an umbreller in the other—with a cloak or surtout hung over the arm. Fashion should be dependent, in some measure, on politeness.

American Currency. The currency of this country is probably more perplexing and varying than that of any other nation on earth. Each state gives a different value to the same denominations in many cases—such as pounds shillings and pence. Our national Federal currency is a noble one—simple to be understood, and easy of management; and in these parts it is fast driving out the Spanish coins. But we are told that even American money of some denominations will not pass in some parts of the United States. Ten cent pieces for instance, are backed on with suspicion, or will be received only as fourpences in some places—while in others, it has the same value as our ninepence. This is a bad and perplexing state of things, and we should think might be remedied, and the currency rendered uniform by Acts of Congress.

☞ We noticed a day or two since the death of a man Dr. Homans of this city by drowning, in the town of Brook field.

Death is striking constantly at its victims around us, we read the dark record day after day, with little emotion. It is not until some chord is snapped that bound our heart to another, some jarred is made in our sensibilities we feel the keen pang of the vanity of earthly hopes—a gulf that yawns before all—the end to which all are approching.

So has the death of this promising youth come home to our own soul. For many months, a few years ago, he was our pupil. He attracted particular regard by his ardour and gentleness of character—and he gave in all things, the promise of a manhood, which should win for him respect and love—and make those who were dear to him, rejoice in his existence. But at once the blow is struck—the thread snapped—by no lingering sickness—no wasting disease which might have prepared the mind for sorrow at home. But in all the pride of health, the delight of enjoyment, he has come upon him—and the features so many loved to look upon are shut from their view in the dark chambers of the grave.

A diligence near Paris took fire, by reason of smoking on the top of the carriage. Specie is huge and clumsy found its way to the ground and the passengers were obliged to flee for their lives scrambling on a coach.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Posthumous Memoirs of his own time, by Sir N. W. Wraxall, from the press of Carey, Lea Blanchard, has met our view.

The author of this work, *it is* well known, was severely punished for speaking and publishing *truths* unpalatable to the men in power. The work is well written, and highly calculated to interest the reading public—for most readers like short stories. It will be particularly grateful to our American taste, because it embraces many facts and anecdotes connected with the men in power during our struggle with Great Britain for independence—the private life and conduct of such men as Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Nort, &c. &c. whose public acts are familiar to us, cannot fail to interest us—the reader will learn from Wraxall's memoirs the history of the distinguished men of Britain from 1772 to the close of the last war, and as is acknowledged, a strict adherence to truth has been scrupulously observed in the relation of them.

A discourse delivered at the dedication of the Unitarian Congregational Church in Newport, R. I. by Wm. Ellery Channing. From the press of S. N. Dickinson, Boston.

The name of Channing, is a passport for any work—those, who may affect to dissent from the *leading* doctrines he inculcates, are delighted with the elegance with which he clothes every sentiment he may advance. Friend and foe, in the religious ranks, will eagerly seize upon his discourse—let its truth and beauty, catch every eye.

It breathes a spirit of christian charity; it admits, that men may differ—yet advance toward the grand 'prize of our high calling'—this idea is best expressed in the Doctor own language—"we should rejoice to think that god can be monopolised by no party, that religion, having its root in the soul of man, can live and flourish amidst many errors, that truth and goodness can no more be confined to a single church, than the light of the Sun can be shut up in a private dwelling, that amidst all the diversities of form, names and creeds, acceptable worship may be offered to God, and the soul ascend to Heaven."

We forbear to give any opinion as to the points in dispute, which have unhappily agitated the christian world; we only recommend the perusal of this Sermon, with the same spirit and candor with which it was written; and leave the judgment to settle when it may. We discover a liberalness of thought, and a religious inclination given to every part of nature and art, that must swell the *measure* of our reverence for the author of all things. The Sciences and the Arts, as they develope the hitherto mysterious nature, add fresh glory to God. "His hand writing, (says the Doctor) is brought out, where former ages saw but a blank."

If you would smile at ingenuity and desire to see how adroitly the Rev.'d Doctor wields an *edge tool*—*read the notes* appendant—but at any rate, call at Dickinson's and get the Sermon.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We have been looking over the August number—and deem it even superior to the last, much as that is deserving of praise. Cannot a list be got up for this valuable work in the North?

The American Monthly—lies on our table. Dearborn has an excellent manner of printing his books, which gives them a superior look. A plate of Bowsil accompanies this number, and Mr. Benjamin has done himself credit in a pretty piece of poetry. Otis, Broaders, & Co. publishers.

The Maine Monthly. Here comes the voice from the Eastern portion of our country—and *it is a clear* one telling of the talent cherished there. Mr. Gilman makes every effort for his readers, and successful ones. Maine, we hope, cherishes her bantling well.

Upon our table are "Adventures of Stewart in the capture of Murell, the Land Pirate," and the "Diary of a Disennuyee," both from the press of the Harpers.—We have not had an opportunity to examine them. B. B. Munroe has them.

Russel, Shattuck, & Co. have received "The Wedlock," a tale from Carey, Lee, & Blanchard, Phil.

THE DRAMA.

The Tremont.—Mademoiselle Kickshoes has played her *last* engagement in Boston, if we may believe her own words, and never will show her ancles, and her unmeaning gestures, to Bostonians again. She announced on Friday, that being satisfied with twenty five thousand dollars which they had paid to her, she felt ashamed of herself and wouldn't impose upon them any more. So she performed in two of her "celebrated dramas" for the 100th time. She has been performing during the week a new affair entitled "Home, Liberty, or Death," and not all her combats and tricks could force so horrible a pill down the throats of the public. It has blood and fireworks, and thunder and lightning enough—but it is miserably introduced and intolerable—On Friday were performed the Wept and the French Spy—and after the curtain fell, after waiting until the impatient and adoring audience, had kicked and bawled a sufficiency, probably to give her coming a better effect, she emerged from behind the curtain and said "Ladies and Gentlemen, I've no words to speak de feelings of my 'art, but I can say—I never forget! No—I never forget!" This was pathetic and eloquent, and after cheering, all departed.

We do not blame Mad. Kickshoes for gagging the public if they consent to it—but it is shameful that they will allow themselves to be so intoxicated with a false report of merit.

Andrews played Tony finely, and Gilbert, the Corporal. Murdock was the true, noble Indian in the Wept and his Cournal de Courcy was a good piece of acting.

Mr Hoopt, the Hero, if we may mention him without fear of our eyes, bellowed like any bull *calf*—in the *Day*—and made all fear he was straining his lungs too hard.

The National.—The Star of attraction the past week has been Mr. C. H Eaton, the Bostonian, it being his first appearance in Boston for two years. Fine houses have greeted him, increasing in numbers every succeeding night. His first performance "Richard," we did not see—but we have witnessed with intense gratification, his Dance, Sir Giles and Julian St. Pierre. Although oppressed with a cold which at times made him a little hoarse, he managed his deep, full toned voice well—and such acting!—It were vain to particularize parts, for all were throughout master pieces of acting—and we say with confidence, what we al-

The death of *Cardinal Chiverus*, is a subject of grief to all who knew him—a Catholic of pure heart, prominent talents, distinguished for his learning, and a man who exhibited as much of the genuine milk of human kindness as ever appeared in any earthly being. Boston can never forget Bishop Cheverus.

Lord Surrey was so filthy in his person, that he was seldom washed except by his servants, when senseless by reason of intoxication. He was the constant subject of the Rheumatism; and complaining to a friend that he had tried every remedy in his power, to no effect, "pray, my Lord, said his friend, did you ever try a clean shirt."

ways felt that we should be able to say—Charles Eaton stands at the top of his profession.

His Julian St. Pierre was the best ever played in Boston and the audiences testified their delight at all his performances, by loud and continued shouts. He will play Pescara on Monday and Shylock on Tuesday.

Mr Smith has supported Mr Eaton as Richmond, Pythias &c.—and has acquitted himself bravely.

We only say to Mr Crane, that he must go on *steadily, firmly* and *vigorously* pursuing the *same effort* for advancement which he is now following, and ere long he will in reality be, what we have decided that *it is in him to be.*

Mrs Anderson played sweetly as Marianna, and looked most beautiful. She carried the audience with her.

Mrs Smith has no rival in her line of acting. Her performances this week have been of the highest order.

Mr Lyne holds his own. He plays as well as he can.

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday:

The committee to whom was referred the petition of Daniel Boxter and others, requesting that the avenue leading from Bedford street through Chauncey place to Summer street, be opened as a public street, and the several remonstrances against the same, reported that it is inexpedient to open the same. Accepted.

Petitions of Benjamin Russell and others, to have Lincoln street extended; of the *Directors of the City Hospital*, to have *Lincoln* and other streets severally extended; of Clement Willis, for leave to take water by suction from a well in Federal street; all referred.

Order passed to lay a Common Sewer in Henchman lane.

Memorial of the Boston Aqueduct Corporation respecting supplying the city with water by extending their works Referred.

Memorial of David Ellis and others, respecting certain buildings which are now occupied for dwelling houses, which were originally erected for stores—that said building have no convenience for dwelling houses, in consequence of which they are great nuisances and ought to be abated.—Referred to the committee on Internal Health.

An order passed, appointing the Mayor, Aldermen Gurney and Quincy, with such as the Common Council may join, a committee to consider the practicability and expediency of completing the iron fence and the improvements around the Common, including the burying ground, during the present year.

FIRE IN MANCHESTER! A large fire broke out in Manchester on Saturday evening, between 10 and 11 o'clock, destroying much valuable property, among which are the Saw and Veneering Mill, Cabinet Manufactory, Dwelling-house and store belonging to Mr Allen; Larkin Woodbury's Cabinet Manufactory; Dr Storey's Dwelling-house; Solomon Lea's Dwelling; Widow Marster's Dwelling and out-houses. There was a large quantity of Lumber and Mahogany lost. The loss, we learn is estimated at about $100,000. Engines from Salem and Gloucester, and did good service.

Irwin's Rope Walk at Alleghany-town, opposite Pittsburgh, was partly destroyed by fire on the night of the 18th instant.

ASSAULT!—Monday morning, an assault was made on S. E. Sewall, Esq. at his office in State street, by a Mr George Adams of Baltimore. Some of the circumstances of the case received from one who witnessed nearly the whole, are as follows.

Mr Adams entered the office, accompanied by Mr Eph. Lombard of this city, and entered into conversation with Mr Sewall, in a loud and angry tone. Both at length became much excited. The tenor of Mr Adams's questions seemed to be to know why Mr Sewall had any thing to do with the matter of slavery or the recovery of fugitive slaves. He did not seem to come in order to revenge any private wrong, but, as a kind of champion for slave holders to intimidate Mr Sewall from acting as a counsel for slaves.

Pretty soon, Adams drew forth a whip or cowhide, and grasping it by the smaller end laid the butt end very forcibly upon Mr Sewall's back. Mr S. immediately closed with him, and wrested the cowhide from him. Several gentlemen then seized him, and held him against the wall, intending to procure an officer directly and have him apprehended—but a crowd soon filled the room, and he escaped. Neither Messrs Sewall or Adams were injured to any extent.

An immense excitement was the immediate consequence of the assault, and State street, in front of Mr Sewall's office was for several hours thronged with people. We consider this affair as very important. The circumstances connected with it robe it in a dress of peculiar interest, and it is necessary that some notice should be taken of it than merely to record the facts.

In the first place the excitement to which it instantly gave rise, and which spread from individual to individual like wildfire, is a kind of prophetic warning of the future. It tells us that there are mighty political engines which may, ere long, move in power, and carry dismay and destruction in their path. And it is essential that public opinion, so feverish as it is, should be fed with more than common carefulness—for a word may speak the fiat of anarchy.

Two reports are in circulation respecting the attack on Mr. Sewall; one, the report of Mr. Adams himself, in that the deed was committed in revenge for a personal insult offered before by Mr. Sewall in conversation. Another is the report given to us in the commencement of this article. The two accounts vary the enormity of the affair materially—and it is important before any opinion should be pronounced upon it, that the motive for action should be well understood.

If a man call another a rascal, the one so reviled has no legal redress—for the law argues that every man has a right to his own opinion. What revenge then can be o b tained, if he goes according to the received opinion that retaliation becomes a gentleman? He can do no better than to administer a dose of raw hide, and if he attempts to hide his adversary without any assistance, is a pr oper case, it is a mere personal assault. And so would the case stand, had Mr. Sewall offered personal insult to Mr. Adams—excepting that Mr. A. violated the sacredness of Mr. Sewall's premises. But we believe that Adams acted as he did out of mere bravado—as a champion for the South—a general bully—to scare Mr. Sewall from his opinions. And in this case let us, whether Abolitionists or not, ask ourselves, has it come to this that our lawyers cannot act in their professional capacity without being molested? Is it true and to be suffered, that the sanctity of a man's house is to be invaded by whoever is disposed to do battle for opinion's sake! Forbid it, Genius of true Liberty!

We believe that Mr Sewall is very violent in his views and careless whose feelings he wounds in the expression of them. It is well known that he called Turner a rascal in the Court House. Turner was only executing a law, and was a minister of the law. This language was worthy of the severest indignation—and had Turner been in Adams's place, he would not have been so much anger on account of the attack. We are sorry, truly sorry, that Mr Sewall cannot be an abolitionist without sinking the gentleman. We are sorry to see that he feels it necessary to forget all christian forbearance and conduct in a cause which he calls holy.—There are abolitionists in the city, firm and unyielding ones too, who yet have lost none of the respect of their fellow men; but still, Mr Sewall may rest secured that when no dangerous an assault is made upon him, he shall be protected.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT. We regret to learn that a son of Dr. Homans of this city, an intelligent and amiable boy of 15, was drowned yesterday evening whilst bathing in the pond at Brookfield where he was passing vacation.

SUICIDE. A melancholy case of suicide, the rash result of losses at the gaming table, occurred at Raleigh, N. C. on or three days since. It was that of an individual named Charles Green, who arrived at a hotel in that city, evidently under the influence of liquor, on the previous day. He visited an acquaintance and transacted some business during the day, but was observed to conduct himself in a singular manner. Nothing more was known of him, however, until the next day about noon, when he was found in his room, in a state of stupor, occasioned by a large dose of laudanum. Resort was immediately had to the stomach pump, and other appliances, but in vain.—He died in a short time. By a letter found in his room, which was addressed to his mother, residing in Jones county, N. C. and couched in most affectionate language, it appears to have been a premeditated act. He advises her of his intention, but assigns no cause for it.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—Forty persons were killed and wounded by the explosion of the steamer General Pike, between Louisville and Cincinnati.

ACCIDENT.—A man was killed at Newburgh on Friday by the falling of the scaffold of the new Dutch Church. How lucky it was that it did not happen to be a *theatre*? In that case, it would have been a special judgment of God.

MELANCHOLY.—A little girl in New York, by the name of Ann Ray, died on Monday from eating some leaves of tobacco, which she had picked up in the street. Her parents had given them to her to amuse her.

SERIOUS AFFRAY.—On Sunday afternoon two men named Michael Hogs and Patrick Henry, who reside in Fulton street, were amusing themselves by quarreling, Hogs having become a little excited by too hard a blow from Henry, he drew a sword cane which he had in his hand, and struck him with it; not however very dangerously—Henry was arrested and held to bail.—*Id.*

BURGLARY.—A colored man named John Johnson broke into the house 77 Nassau street on Sunday night, and robbed it of $30 in bills; but before Monday morning Mr Hosman had got him, and recovered all or the greater part of the money.—*Jour. Com.*

SUICIDE.—Dennis McCardon, a morocco dresser, 23 years of age, was stabbed by Capt. William Marston in New York, and killed, on Monday last.

TEXAS.—The Cincinnati Whig contains the following interesting paragraph—

CHARGE OF TREASON AGAINST THE PRESIDENT OF TEXAS.—A captain of the Texan army, now in this city directly from Texas, informs us that charges had been formally preferred against Mr Burnet, the President of Texas, for Treason. The charges were signed by General Lamar, General Rusk, and nearly all the principal officers of the Texas army. His release of Santa Anna, and other suspicious acts, furnished the foundation for the accusation.

We do not for a moment believe that any charge against President Burnet, injuriously affecting his moral principles can be sustained. His integrity and patriotism are known by his friends to be beyond the reach even of aspersion.

LATE FROM THE SOUTH. By the steam boat South Carolina, at Norfolk, we have Charleston papers to Friday morning last, Aug. 28th, containing New Orleans dates to the 18th.

There is no confirmation of the reported escape of Santa Anna, or the advance of the Mexican army into Texas.

A slight shock of an Earthquake was felt in Milledgeville and its vicinity on the morning of the 17th.—*Journal of Commerce.*

AUGUSTA, Aug. 24.—*Assassination.*—Mr. Joseph Stallings, of Beech Island, S. C. was shot, week before last, by one of his negroes, his blacksmith. The negro had been a runaway for a considerable time, and getting a gun, way-laid his master, and shot him dead, nearly the whole lead going directly through his head. The negro has been arrested, tried, confessed his crime, and paid the penalty of the law of murder, we learn, on Friday last.—*Courier.*

THE SCHOOSER ORBIT. Caleb, the Capt. of the schooner which run into the Independence has commenced a suit against Capt. Howes, and has published a statement justifying such suit. The object of the suit is to the best course Capt. Howes could have desired. It will the more clearly establish his correctness.

GREAT REPORT.—A letter has been received in this city from good authority, brought by a passenger, in 'advance of the mail,' from Nacogdoches, which contains the following Postscript:

'Gen. Urrea, with a force of 14,000 strong, is within sixty-five miles of Nacogdoches. Santa Anna has escaped. Alas, the poor Texans! I pity them.'

Notwithstanding the respectability of the channel through which this report comes, we must think there is a great mistake about the matter. The existence of such a body of troops at the point stated, is all but impossible.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

ACCIDENTS.—Wednesday morning a stevedore, named Leonard, fell into the hold of the ship Maros, lying at Central wharf, seriously injuring his head and breaking one of his arms in two places. When taken up he was insensible.

Two horses attached to a waggon backed off Heath's wharf on Front street, one of which valued at $200 was drowned, the other was secured with difficulty.—*Briggs' Bulletin.*

The young man named Charles Green, who committed suicide in Raleigh, after having lost all his money at the gaming table, was not Charles G. Greene of the Post.—*His game* will not be decided until after the election.

☞ A cotemporary says that a Mr. *Steel* has been married to Miss *Rebecca Flint*. It is probable there was some *tinder-ness* between them, and when they met, it kindled into a fire.

☞ Pretty women are generally conciliatory in their deportment, and good humored; but we have seen women to whom Nature had been unkind, who were as amiable in manners as they were unprepossessing in appearance.—Such women deserve great praise, and their influence over the hearts of men is much greater than they imagine. But when a woman, destitute of personal attractions, voluntarily throws away her every chance of favor with the sex whom Heaven has pronounced her lords and masters, and endeavors to eject her malignant venom on all who do not admire her, she is like the serpent gnawing the file, and makes herself supremely ridiculous.

ACCIDENT. A young lad had his leg shattered by a car-wheel on the Schenectady rail road.

A fatal rencontre took place, on Saturday last, in Fayette, Rodney County, between Horatio N. Heming, Postmaster at that place, and Mr. W. Sillers. The former was killed with a swordcane which had been wrenched from his hand by Sillers.

MELANCHOLY. A boy named Isaac Levers was drowned while bathing in the East River, N. Y. on Monday afternoon.

A man aged *ninety-one*, in Vermont, has applied for a divorce, in order that he may marry again.

☞ A body of Creeks have made their escape into Florida.

THE QUESTION SETTLED. Walter says 'a pretty girl looks surpassing lovely in a Gipsey bonnet.' Who will pretend to gainsay so cool a judgment as that of the philosophical editor?

Walter has also had a present of herrings; and the Post has received a tastog as big as the Atlas—rather a *costly* joke, considering that this monstrous tastog came in a sugar box lined with ice. These two fish stories will do very well to go together. For our part, we will accept of nothing less than the sea-serpent.

☞ A bible which formerly belonged to the Emperor Charlemagne, written by the celebrated Alcuin, was recently sold in London for $7,500.

☞ The French Brig L'Inconstant, now in New York, is the same vessel which brought Bonaparte from Elba and landed him at Cannes. Some of his furniture and arms are still preserved.

☞ Little Frost copies an article from the Transcript, without giving credit. It is cruel to steal from the poor.

ANOTHER WATCHMAN MURDERED. The state of things in New York is not confessed of evil; but to fall of its reality, already arrived. If the city watch are to be picked off in this manner, the time will soon come when but few men will be willing to run the hazards of that station. The following late case is from the Sun.

On Monday night, between 11 and 12 o'clock, another of the city watchmen, named Kim Hudson, was deprived of life by the knife of a murderer. He was on duty near the foot of Wall street, and from some cause not exactly known, but it is supposed from suspicions of the man's honesty, stopped a sailor named John Holm, who succeeded in getting away from him; but Hudson pursued and raised an alarm, and overtaking him, Holm stabbed him in the right side, through the heart, with a sheath knife, and he fell instantly dead. Two of the Custom House watch, named Hughes and Van Tassel, were drawn to the spot by the alarm given, who immediately seized the ruffian, and succeeded in taking the knife from the fellow, which was covered with the blood of the murdered man, and with which he cut Van Tassel severely in the hand. They also arrested another sailor who was in company with Holm, named John Lapin, a Spaniard; and they, together with the corpse of Hudson, were taken to the watch-house till morning, when the two former were secured in prison, and the latter was removed to his residence, No. 27 Pitt street, where he has left a bereaved family consisting of a wife and two children. When Lapin was seized by the watchmen, he exclaimed 'don't touch me or I'll serve you the same as the other.' A child's flannel petticoat was afterwards found near the spot where the murder was perpetrated, and it is probable that Holm had the article, and perhaps others, in his possession, and that the suspicions of the watchmen were thereby excited.

All men of genius are, at some time of their lives, imbued with a passion of reforming the world.—*Louisiana Adv.*

WE LIKE SUCH STORIES. A lad, in attempting to go on board the Newburgh steamboat was accidentally pushed overboard by a gentleman. Mr. Havens, the steward of the boat, plunged into the river and saved the lad. Mr. James C. Stoneall, the proprietor of the Shakespeare hotel, New York, immediately took out five dollars; and sundry other gentlemen did the same, which were presented to the generous and intrepid Havens—a sum amounting to $35.

IMPORTANT TO AMERICANS.—The subjoined letter contains information that concerns all merchants and shipmasters trading with the Mexican ports:

United States Consulate,
Laguayra, Aug. 10th, 1836.

To the Editor of the United States Gazette:

Sir,—I have just received a communication per mail, from our charge d'affaires at Caracas, J. G. A. Williamson, Esq. informing me that an order or decree of that government, dated July 16, but not made known to him until the 8th instant, prohibits all neutral vessels bringing in passengers or otherwise, to the ports of Venezuela, any proscribed individuals (expulsados) and such other persons as having fled the country, are not by law permitted to return. Any vessel having persons of this description, will not be allowed to discharge cargo or land, or even to anchor, in any part of this republic. This decree is to go into effect 40 days after its date, 16th July last. I think it of importance to our commercial interests, that publicity should be given to this notice.

I am, sir, respectfully, your ob't serv't,
BENJAMIN RENSHAW,
U S. Consul.

P. S. I will forward in two or three days, a copy of said decree, as also a list of persons comprehended therein.

Among the vessels arrived at this port is the Texas armed brig Brutus, of 10 guns, Capt. Hind, from Velasco, and 8 days from Key West. The advices from Texas are not so late as before received.—*Jour. Com.*

An old gentleman of eighty-four, having brought to the altar a young damsel of about sixteen, the clergyman said to him, 'The font is at the other end of the church.'—'What do I want with the font?' said the old gentleman. 'Oh! I beg your pardon,' said the clerical wit, 'I thought you had brought the child to be christened.'

WILLIAM J. SNELLING combined against a house kept by Samuel H. Moore and William Moore—charging the keepers thereof with the crimes of gambling, and entertaining others for the purpose of playing at unlawful games.

Constable Pearce, at the head of a detachment of twenty-one constables, rushed down upon them (like Norval's country from the Grampian Hills,) sweeping their roulette tables, money, cards, and other appurtenances known to gentlemen of the profession, which were conveyed to the Police Court for safe keeping—to be brought up on their trial, as 'poor dumb monkey,' discoursing eloquently against them.

Yesterday morning at 11 o'clock, Samuel H. Moore and William Moore were brought to the bar. John C. Park, Esq. appeared for the defendants.

William J. Snelling was immediately objected to by defendants' counsel, as a man who had been pronounced incompetent to take an oath, by Thatcher and Parker of the Municipal Court—he having been convicted of three several libels.

Mr S. admitted freely that he had been convicted of libels. He said he would state the case, and would appeal to Mr Park's honor, if he did not tell the truth. 'I heard beforehand that Mr Parker intended to object to me as a juryman. My counsel was therefore instructed to ask Parker do it, and he did so. Mr P. replied that he should not object to me; but no sooner had I come into Court, than Parker objected to me on the ground that I had been convicted of *crimen falsi*. Here was presented the singular spectacle of an inferior Court objecting to the oath of a man who had just been admitted to swear in the Supreme Court.'

Mr Park said something about the objection having come from high authority, i. e. Thatcher and Parker. 'Low authority! I should say,' interrupted Mr Snelling. Mr S. also, with ludicrous irony, expressed the profound respect he had for Samuel Dexter Parker.

Mr Snelling continued to stand aside a few moments, and Constable Pearce gave his evidence. He stated that when he first entered the house, he saw Samuel H. Moore at the door, and William Moore in the entry. The door was shut and fastened; but the constables broke it open and found various implements used by gamblers, together with about thirty men, some of whom vacated the premises in a most undignified manner, while a few were secured.

Snelling's case was then argued again. Mr S. said that Mr Park would find he had 'cut the throat of his own cause,' and made many other racy and ludicrous observations, of which our pen can convey no idea to the mind of the reader. The discussion occupied a great deal of time; and Snelling maintained the combat with Mr Park in a masterly style, proving to every man of common sense that he has been most unjustly persecuted; but such are the forms of the law that the issue of the debate is uncertain. Mr Park desired more time in order to obtain a record from the Clerk of the Municipal Court of the decision against Snelling; and Snelling consented to put off the case until Wednesday next, 11 o'clock A. M., when Mr S. said he should bring forward more complaints.

Constable Pearce stated that $40 were said to be missing from the trunk which he captured at the Gambling House, and wished to state the fact. He said that he desired to know whether any complaint was to be made against him on account of the missing money. He said he did not want to have a diamond breast pin poked into his shirt bosom.

UNFORTUNATE FREAK.—On Saturday last, three or four seamen employed a hackney coach to carry them to the foot of Boston street, and when discharging it had some difference with the driver, who, in the midst of the war of words, got up on his coach and drove off. One of the seamen pursued the coach, and climbing up behind it mounted on the roof, from which the motion of the carriage almost immediately caused him to fall off, and one of the wheels passed over his hand and forced out one of his eyes, and otherwise injured him. He was immediately taken up by some persons who were passing and conveyed to the hospital.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

The amount of receipts on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, during the last week, were $5,768.

A duel was fought on Saturday 13th inst. opposite Vicksburgh between Col. Quitwell and Mr Cunningham, the former gentleman was shot through the heart at the first fire; the latter narrowly escaped, the ball passing through his clothes.

HORRIBLE ATROCITY. We are informed by several gentlemen from Columbia, Chicot county, that on Monday evening, after the election closed, a man by the name of Bunch was taken and hung by the citizens of that place.—The cause which led to the infliction of such summary punishment, we are informed, was owing to the unlawful conduct of Bunch. He claimed the right to vote, which was refused him by the judges, owing to his being a colored man. Bunch took umbrage at the rejection and resorted to violent measures. During the affray, Dr. Webb, a highly respectable citizen, was killed. [illegible] several others, it seems, that Bunch was taken up and hung. We forbear to make any comments, as the whole affair will no doubt be fully and fairly investigated.—*Helena (Ark.) Journal Aug. 11.*

MATERNAL CRUELTY. Take an infant about ten days old, put a stout cap on its head, and then about two dozen thick sausages round its little body. If it happens to have a pin sticking into its flesh, bounce it up an down smartly, in the baby talk, and the work of 'tending' is accomplished. Should it happen to be dog-days, wrap it up securely in a blanket, with as many folds as usually encases an Egyptian mummy, and if it cries, be careful that the head be so closely enveloped that no cold air can possibly reach the little suckling. In this way you can save it from being chilled, and effectually *stop its crying!*—*Northampton Courier.*

HEART-RENDING DISAPPOINTMENT. Two young folks of Shrewsbury, whose hearts beat in unison, and for whom at length the chains of Hymen were impatiently jingled on the altar, who had left the pillow which they should 'press alone' for the last time—whose eyes were glistening with rapture, as the thought of approaching joys flashed upon their longing hearts—and who waited but for the performance of the thrilling ceremony which should make them one; were suddenly torn apart by the officers of justice, who bore the weeping bride, 'with all her beauty on,' to the dark dungeon of a jail to await her trial on a charge of larceny!—The silken fetter was unclasped for an iron one—and the arms of her despairing lover for the clutch of an unfeeling Charley.

The Star says there is a prospect of a plentiful supply of apples and peaches this season. They may be late, but they will probably be very abundant.

THE ROXBURY HOURLIES.—We have received of late many communications respecting the impositions practised towards females by some of the drivers and boys connected with this line, but should not advert to them, did we not deem it our duty to warn those ladies who ride in them to guard themselves from being forced to ride under promise of being left where they wish, and then carried in just the opposite direction. The rim is prime, and great dissatisfaction of passengers, seems to have had a contrary effect to what might have been expected—as the concern seems to set the public convenience at defiance.

Two ladies lately got into one of the coaches, one with a bundle, the other an invalid. One had the promise of being left within twenty rods of Mount Pleasant by both driver and boy, the other was told she should be left where she desired. But both were carried to the Norfolk House—and then upon their expostulating with the boy, one was informed that if she was willing to walk, she could ride down to the burial ground, nearly half a mile from Mount Pleasant, the nearest point to which they would carry her, and she was forced to submit. The other they refused to carry home at any rate—but she refused to leave the coach, saying that she was unable to walk—which her appearance confirmed.

These impositions demand serious attention. If such is to be the conference of ladies who ride in these coaches, the information had better be spread abroad, that the public may be duly wise to suggest.

SINGULAR REASONING.—The Whig and Courier says a woman died suddenly in New York by drinking poison by mistake. The supposed it to be black strap—then the editor winds up with, 'Another awful example of the effects of intemperance!' If a man, in attempting to save another from falling off a house, should fall off himself, it would be an example to say, 'Awful effect of saving life!'

☞ The New York Alms House, at the present time, contains 1800 paupers, the greater part of whom are foreigners.

RESURRECTION.—Elbridge G. Robinson, who jumped overboard from a steamer in Long Island Sound, and was supposed to have been drowned, has arrived from Troy, (N. Y.) to his mother in Dover, (N. H.) stating that he is alive. As the case seems somewhat of a libel, we suppose this much must be taken.

The Post contains a part which is attributed to our deceased friend, Mr Bass. The man is dead, and therefore could not have paragraphed it; but probably the Post believes, with the Scotchman, that posthumous works are those which a man writes after he is dead.

ACCIDENT.—Three ladies were thrown from a horse-chaise in the Bowery, New York, on Wednesday, by the breaking of the coupeau. The two of one of the ladies was broken, and she was otherwise severely bruised.

HOUSEBREAKING.—The editor of the Western Emigrant, published at Bradford, (Ky.,) was lately smoothed in his office by two ruffians, one of them a deputy sheriff. One of his eyes was blown out, and one of his eyes gouged out.

INCEST AND MURDER.—A man from Chillicothe was lately arrested in Wheeling, and taken to Ohio for trial, on a charge of incest and murder. The particulars, says the Gazette, are too shocking for publication.

A young man named Henry Newman was dangerously stabbed in New York on Sunday night, by a young man, while endeavoring to force his sister from a house of ill-fame into which she had removed for the purpose of leading an infamous life.

NEW YORK SLAVE CASE.—The Journal of Commerce gives the following account of the progress of the above case:

The case of Jesse Collins, alias Abraham Gosley, was resumed yesterday. Before the examination of witnesses commenced, the Recorder requested the Counsel to propose themselves to discuss the two following questions:

1. After the abatement of an alleged slave from deliberately the time of his escape from service, and the alleged slave goes into his dwelling, can the Judge, consistently with the law, allow the claimant to change his time of escape?

2. Is the admission or confession of the alleged slave sufficient evidence to convict him as a slave, or does the same rule of law apply as in cases of felony; where the confession of guilt is insufficient without first showing the felony to have been correctly committed?

When giving these questions (in writing) to the Council, the Recorder remarked that his object in so doing was not only for the government of the present case, but to form a precedent for all future cases of the kind, and stated his belief that different Judges had given up alleged slaves to the claimants, merely on the slaves' own admission, without any further proof that they were slaves; and yet, if the rules of criminal proceedings were to be adhered to in such cases, the giving up of a slave merely on his own admission, was wrong, and contrary to the law of the land, according to which no criminal could be convicted on his own admission, without other proof that the crime had been committed.

Here the examination of witnesses commenced—but as nothing was the conclusion that the first witness was examined to, that the evidence of only two persons was taken when the Court adjourned. During the examination it was stated by a physician that persons had been known to grow six inches after the age of 21, by changing climates.

The case was then adjourned to next Wednesday.

The alleged slaves is defended by the Messrs Emmet, Brady, [illegible] and counsel Messrs Sedgwick, Mildred and Dodge.

For the claimant, Messrs. Rowley and Strong.

In the course of the morning an application was made to the Recorder from a committee of colored men, requesting him to notify to them when any colored person was claimed as a slave, in order that they might give him legal assistance. The application was couched in very respectful language, and the Recorder promised to comply with the request.

DROWNED.—Hanford Dean, 10 years of age, was drowned in a mill-pond at North Stamford, on Sunday last. He was bathing with other lads, when his limbs became entangled in the water lilies, and before aid could be procured, he perished.

Several dog catchers were tarred and feathered in Buffalo, a few days ago.

PIRACY ON THE CLINTON CANAL.—The Albany police thinks that there is not a more villainous and piratical set of knaves in existence than the hands on board the Independence canal boat.

FROM GIBRALTER. We are indebted to the Messrs. Tuptills, of the Boston News Room, for Gibraltar papers to July 16th. The frigate United States arrived there on the 15th, in 27 days from N. York. 18th arrived schr. Ringleader, Hill, 20 days from Boston; Armadillo, Ross, from Nevis: 15th, brig Theodore, Thompson, 23 days from Philadelphia.

FROM JAMAICA. By the ship Orbit, we have Jamaica papers to August 6th. They contain very little news.

The Dispatch of July 30th states that the sloop Green Plant, Capt. Burke, was captured in a small a few days previous, while proceeding from Port Antonio to Blue Hole, and subsequently to state, the Captain and five hands were drowned. The seventh was saved by clinging to one of the hatches.

The Jamaica Herald says the Pimento crop in St. Ann's will be very indifferent this year. All the blooms were knocked off the trees at Charleston King's by a hail storm. Oxton has been equally injured. The only part which will make an average crop, is the neighborhood of Runaway Bay. Holders are now asking 4 1-2d.

LATEST FROM LISBON. The ship Metamora, Capt. Fletcher, arrived at Alexandria on Tuesday last, from St. Ubes, bring Lisbon papers to July 16th. The Treasury building at Lisbon was destroyed by fire on the 14th. Most of the valuable papers were saved. Loss to the government estimated at about £70,000.

The advices from Spain have been anticipated via. England.—*Jour. Com.*

We learn by Capt. Clark, of the brig Spy, arrived this morning from Port au Plate, that the schooner Maine, Capt. Chase, belonging to Portland, went ashore on the north side of St. Domingo. The cargo was saved in a damaged state. The vessel was sold by auction, got off the reef by the speculators, and taken to Port au Plate.—*Journ. Com.*

'Here she loved me last night,' said a proxy orator [illegible] pointing to the person address[illegible]

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 25th inst. by Rev. Mr. Boles, Mr. Alfred Randall to Miss Hannah Woods.

In this city, Capt Clarington W. Eldridge to Phebe B. Trent, of Boston.

By the Rev Boles, Alfred Randall to Hannah Woods.

In this city, Seth Copeland to Sarah, eldest daughter of A Fillebrown Esq.

In this city, by Rev Mr Dean, Jeremiah Wiswell to Mary Blish, both of Boston.

At Roxbury, Charles J. Hendee to Adeline, daughter of Charles of David Ingraham.

At Charlestown, Mr Frederick Clement to Miss Catherine Gates.

At Charlestown, by Rev Dr Fay, Capt Geo rge Coan to Catherine M. Webber.

At Brewster, Lower Falls, Wm G. Moore, of Goshen, to Roxana C. Ayres.

At Wrentham, by Rev Mr Stone, Frederick Poole of this city, to Nancy M. Cook, of W.

At Quincy, by Wm B. Duggan Esq, Francis C. Brown to Tabitha M. Curtiss.

At Lowell, Gen. Albert G. Baxter to Miss Margaret Rose, both of Boston.

At Roxbury, Josiah A. Stubbs, son of the Editors and Proprietors of the Bunker Hill, to Miss Harriet B. daughter of Amos Foster.

At Gloucester, Squire Hutch, Wm Hodgdon Jr to Mary Ann B. Tarbox.

At Hamilton, Theodore Newell, of Boston, to Julia Ann Wilson, of N.

At Portsmouth, N H, Henry Brown, of Boston, to Martha Wright, of P.

At Charlestown, N H, John J. Gilchrist Esq to Sarah, daughter of Hon Henry Hubbard.

At Dartmouth, 25th ult, Albert Bostwick, of Boston, to Ann Maria Mack.

At Bangor, Dr E. W. Sayward to Marinda A. N. Coombs, of Boston.

At New Haven, Lieut C. C. Dawson, U S Navy, to Louisa R. Vanclieve, daughter of the late Dr John Vanclieve, of Princeton, N J.

At Upton, Sylvanus Aldrich, of Northbridge, to Lucy Jane Bancroft, of M.

At Florida, Ignatius Hall, of Thomas Co. Geo, aged 61, to Miss Elizabeth Mumford, of Leonora, Florida.

DEATHS.

At Charlestown, Miss Harriet M. R. wife of Abijah Hazeltine, 32.

At Watertown, Hiddon Turrey, son of Hiddon and Hannah Stanton, 24 yrs.

At Dedham, Daniel Kingsbury, 21; he was drowned while engaged in getting hay in a snow or raft.

At Charlestown, Leonard King, 76. He was at the storming of Bunker's Hill, and in several other engagements during the war of Independence.

At Cambridge, Aug 31, Mary Hall, only daughter of Ambrose Stearns Esq.

At Jamaica Plain, Wm. H. Coldrick, 18.

At Dorchester, on Monday last, Miss Harriet Foster, daughter of Mr Joseph Foster, 24.

At Roxbury, Rebecca E. daughter of Silas and Harriet Stebbins, 10 m.

At Marshfield, Sarah B. Forrester, of Boston, 19 mos.

At Charlestown, Amos F. Singleton, 27.

At his residence, in Newark, Capt John Bailey, 83, formerly a respectable ship master out of New York.

At Salem, Sarah Parish, 91.

At Dorchester, Hannah Hubbard and Abby Stone, twins of Jonathan and Abby Stone. They died exactly six months from the day and hour of their birth.

At Charlestown, West Parish, Miss Margaret McLaren, formerly of Detroit, Ver. 23.

At Dorchester, 25th inst, Miss Lydia, relict of the late Thaddeus Clapp, 78.

At Hingham, N. H. Aug. 16, John Shrimpton Jr. Esq., 45.

At Barnstable, Mrs. Hannah Allen Esq. 78.

At his country seat, Hamilton, N. Y. Peter Remsen, in his 68th year, late principal of the house of Peter Remsen & Co, New York.

At Little Rock, Arkansas, Hon David Dickinson, member of the U. States House of Representatives from Mississippi.

At Adamstown, U C, 5th ult, Daniel Cole, 105 years and 1 month.

BOSTON TRUSS AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFACTORY.
J. W. FOSTER,
(SUCCESSOR TO BEATS,)
WOULD inform the public that he has invented a new and useful improvement for Hernia or Rupture, called the
ANATOMICAL SELF-REGULATING TRUSS.
This Truss (for which he has the exclusive right) counteracts perfect ease and freedom in the wearer, under every exertion of the body, continuing to resist the power, under advantages of all other Trusses or Bandages ever before offered to the public. Additional properties will be apparent, it being an accompaniment to the wearer, by the use of a thermometer, or some other instrument of the kind, so as to prevent, on all very other occasions, the necessity of the part to be pressed upon, as at present, by the hand. When fitted with a thermometer, it will render the position always keeping the hernia within the power of operation. The cover being removable can at any time be washed or changed, without disturbing the parts that form constriction.
Also, for sale, SHOULDER BRACES; UMBILICAL BOLSTERS, and SUSPENSORY TRUSSES; Children's do, of every description, suited to the variety of cases that occur.
Manufactures to order, all kinds of trusses, penil rupture for crushed or deformed feet, ankles, and legs made and warranted to suit with ease. Surgical and Dental Instruments of every description made and repaired.
J. W. FOSTER,
49 Cornhill.
The subscriber is at liberty to refer to the following eminent Physicians of the city:—
Drs John C. Warren, Jno George Hayward,
Benjamin Shurtleff, Walter Channing,
Silas Ware, Winthrop Lewis,
George C. Shattuck, Edward Reynolds,
D. Humphreys Storer, Marshall S. Perry,
Dr Robbins, of Roxbury.
A 20 copdm

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS
JUST PUBLISHED BY
CROCKER & BREWSTER,
No. 47 Washington street, opposite the Old South.
THE Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual for 1837, containing 12 engravings, and numerous original contributions from distinguished writers.
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Also, a new edition of Mrs Sigourney's Poems, containing Zinzendorf, Pocahontas, and other Poems

SELECTED POETRY.

[From the London New Monthly Magazine.]

SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.—NO III

BY L. E. L.

RIENZI SHOWING HIS SLAIN THE BODY OF HIS BROTHER.

It was hidden in a wild wood
Of the knotted pine;
It had [illegible]
Solitude and shrine.
There the dreamed the happy story,
On the fragrant the wood dove heaved,
With her mournful song;
And the gentle wind came sweetest,
Where a small brook danced along
Like a fairy child at play.
Thither did Rienzi bring
The loved and lovely one;
There was the stately Nina woo'd,
There was she won.

Reeds and water-flags were growing
By the grass margin;
While the fresh wild flowers were blowing
In the pleasant grass,
Cool, and sweet, and very fair.
Though the wild wind planted these
With a careless wing,
Yet kind Nature granted them
All the gifts of Spring.
Nought they needed human care.
They grew lovelier in the locks
Of that lovely one;
While the Roman maid was woo'd,
While she was won.

In the place a soft breathing
Stirred the fringed leaves,
Like a lute whose song is failing,
Loving, while it grieves,
So to die upon the wind.
Ivy garlanded the laurel,
Drooping mournfully;
Poet—warrior—round the laurel
Of the victor's tree,
Lonely still amid its kind!
Yet what became of both are these
In the soft tale now begun,
Which the radiant Nina woo'd,
And which Nina won.

There a cypress raised to heaven
Its sepulchral head,
Like a stately column given
By the mourner to the dead;—
There the young Rienzi slept.
In that grave his brother laid him.
'Neath the evening star;
While Revenge and Sorrow make him
What Earth's great ones are;—
Long, drear vigils there he kept.
Now a conqueror one was ill
By the setting sun;
While that lady bright was woo'd,
While she was won.

By the grey cross o'er his brother,
By his heart's first care,
Did Rienzi ask another
In that heart to share,
To that maiden's feet he brought
All his early youth's affection,
All his manly years;
All whose tender recollection
Only speaks in tears.
Thus to share his soul he sought:
All Life's loveliest feelings grew
Round that lovely one:
Thus was the bright Nina woo'd,
Thus was she won.

Ah! the glorious mind's aspiring
Needeth some repose—
Some sweet object for desiring,
Where its wings may close,
Wrapp'd in purple shadows, Rome
Rose afar off like a vision—
Stately, dark, and high;
But a softer one hath risen
'Neath the twilight sky.
While the full heart found a home,
There were mighty words and hopes
Shared with his beloved one:—
Thus was the bright Nina woo'd,
Thus was she won.

MISCELLANY.

THINGS IN ROME.

ROME, October, 1836.

Did you ever take up a pen to write, and find that the subject was so wide, so full at every thing, that you not only knew not where to begin, but not what to say? Talk of London! the whole town of the largest house are worth a thousand Londons. Talk of Paris! for a thousand years the world has been plundering this mighty storehouse of antiquity, and it is now richer in art than Paris can be in a thousand years to come. Even at this moment it is probable that there is more of magnificence buried *under* the earth in Rome, than there is upon the earth elsewhere. The mausoleums of mighty Romans have been made fortresses, and the statues of a Phidias and Lysippus were flung down as weapons of war from the battlements of antique temples. Alaric came with sword and fire, heading the maddened Goth, but he beat against, and burnt in vain the brazen beams and the massive structures of the Forum. The blazing temples of the Capitol, the aerial aqueducts, the marble-sheltered groves still survived his inundation, though as a Christian writer says, 'he made the city the sepulchre of the Roman people.' Genseric came next with his Vandals, and they plundered the tiles from the temples without, and the treasures within, and wrenched the precious metals from the marbles that held them. Vitiges came like a raging lion, burning every thing without the walls, and desolating the whole Campagna, so that the aqueducts were ruined, and the baths of the Emperors rendered useless. Totila threatened the overthrow of every monument, and his violence caused a desertion of the city for more than forty days. The Lombards have roared around its walls. German and Norman have pillaged within them. Constantine plundered the arch of Trajan to adorn his own. The early Christians leapt upon the idols, and the idolatrous temples, with a fiery fanaticism; and in their horror of gods and goddesses, they had no eye for beauty, and forgot all love of art. The fanes of Roman deities fell under the wrath of the Christian God, and the column that upheld the temple was torn from its base to uphold the church. Theatre, Circus and Bath trembled, and fell under their indignation. The Coliseum was long the quarry of Rome.—Marble pillars and portices, and statues even, were burnt for lime. The bronze of the temple was melted into cannon for the castle of St. Angelo. But even to this day, Rome, if not covered with marble, as in the days of Augustus and Nero, is sprinkled all over with fragments of it, the relics of one knows not what, so that the baths even now, under the huge masses of brick that cover them, are little quarries where precious pieces are often found, and often, very often, even in the lane as well as the frequented street, have I seen beautiful marble in the very pavement under our feet. War, however, and the Christian, are not the sole destroyers that have triumphed in this capital of the world. The Tiber rolled his flood over all but the seven hills. The earthquake shook down '*buildings as large as provinces*,' to quote an ancient writer, till at last we read of the fields within the walls, of enormous *ruins* encamping on different hills, and fighting on different plains, and even that the roads had become so bad in the magnificent streets where once a Pompey triumphed, that in the short days of winter, the Pope could not assemble the processions prescribed by the ritual!

Rome was forgotten at last. The mistress of the world slumbered for a while. The city of the Cæsars was made a solitude. Rains choked up her high ways. The matchless Lacoon was buried and forgotten in the palace of Titus, as well as those other famous antiques relics found in the Farnese gardens, which stand upon a portion of the site of the former palace of the Cæsars. But a new power, a new Rome in the progress of Christianity, sprung up on the Vatican; and though without the name or the panoply, or the magnificence of the Rome of old, it soon established empire as mighty over the earth. The Rome of the Republic, and of the Cæsars, was in part destroyed, it is true, for another modern Rome that now sits upon the Cæsarean Marine of old, and is bestriding upon the Tiber and the Forum; but the Rome of antiquity was assembled to make it yield its treasures—and what relics of the past are yet standing, are guarded as well as they can be, when their antiquity and age are remembered.

Of a part of the treasures that have been dug up and found in Rome and the villas of the Romans adjoining, I have already spoken in what I have said of the Vatican; but this part which would be a magnificent whole in any other city, is but a part of the treasures even of the existing Rome. The Modern Capitol, on the brow of the Capitoline Hill, holds a Museum in which there is a collection of ancient statuary only to that of the Vatican. Of the works of antiquity preserved in that hall, one of the first that strikes the eye, is an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which was found in the ruins of the church of St. Giovanni in Laterano, and which, however, divides attention with a colossal statue of Constantine called Marforio, because it was found in the forum of Mars, stands in the quadrangle of the *Museo Capitolino*, as it is called. All I can do, of course is to give you a faint idea of some few of the most magnificent relics of ancient art preserved here, and then I little catalogue of names, so that you may see on what Grecian and Roman antics asserted their genius. The famous Dying Gladiator is among the most remarkable pieces of sculpture in the world, and this was found in the gardens of Sallust the Roman historian—gardens which were upon the Quirinal hill, and among the most magnificent, even of the luxurious Romans, adorned as they were with temples, a circus, baths, and with the finest sculpture, of which the Dying Gladiator is a specimen. Debates are loud and strong as to the character which this statute represents: whether it be a Greek herald or a Spartan or barbarian shield bearer. The renowned antiquarian Winckelmann, thinks it to be a herald; but be the name what it may, there is no doubt that it represents a wounded man dying, who perfectly expresses what these remains of life in him. This statue it is, that Byron describes in his Childe Harold, and of which I have spoken in my former letter as illustrating the fact that even a Byron cannot describe with his well chosen words, with half of the power that the sculptor can, with his chisel. The Faun with his goat, about the size of life, is another piece of inimitable sculpture here, and is indeed a most animated and matchless representation of the laughing, drunken, grape-loving deity. This was found in the sumptuous villa of the Emperor Adrian at Tivoli. Vases rising from the Bath, Cupid and Psyche embracing, found in the Aventine Hill, the innocent child playing with a swan, and Antinous, are first among the many beautiful objects of the collection—while the Centaur is remarkable for its force and vigor, and the Hercules for a perfect expression of the ugliness of this woman hired to howl. The Cupid Bending, is an exquisite specimen of infantine sculptured grace. The Faun of Praxiteles attracts attention.—The semi-colossal Hercules holding the apples of the Hesperides, is most remarkable for still retaining the gilding on the bronze. This was found in the Forum Boarium, and is the only antique statue on which the gilding now remains. The bassi-relievi of the many sarcophagi, urns, vases, pedestals, &c., are objects all worth examining, and on these sarcophagi there is a treasure of learning for the classical scholar who is studying ancient costumes, arts, religion, war, and superstitions, or the acts of an Achilles, Hercules, Jove, or the gods and goddesses, and demi gods of the pagan mythology. Homer can be read here in marble; and here too, one may say, is the Bible of the ancient world. A mosaic spoken of by Pliny in terms of praise, found in Adrian's villa at Tivoli, and representing four doves on the brink of a vase, one of them drinking, is also remarkable, and copies of it are seen in every shop of Rome, in cameos as well as mosaic. The *Apartment of the Philosophers* in the Museum has two marble shelves around the room, on which are ranged the busts of poets, philosophers, and other distinguished characters of antiquity. Virgil, Socrates, Seneca, Plato, Diogenes, Archimedes, Demosthenes, Cleopatra, Sappho, Aristotle, Cicero, and a host of others are there. In the *Saloon* are the two columns of *giallo antico* which ornament the large niches of this apartment, where stands the Hercules of bronze that once belonged to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the figures of Victory which support the arms of Clement XII., once belonged to the triumphal arch of Marcus Aurelius, Jove armed with lightning, in *nero antico*,—the Hercules in basalt, a remarkable Minerva; Isis with the lotus on her head, and Diana as a huntress, are there. The *Apartment of the Emperors* has bassi-relievi representing the Genii in cars, Bacchus on a tiger, with Fauns, Satyrs, &c., the Chase of the Calydonian Boar, and Perseus liberating Andromache, and in the middle of the room is a statue of Agrippina the mother of Germanicus seated in a curule chair; and around the apartment on two shelves of marble, stand busts of the Roman Emperors and their relations, among the most striking of which are Julius Cæsar, Drusus, Germanicus, Caligula, Julia, (Titus's daughters,) Marcus Aurelius, Septimus Severus and Maximus. The *Apartment of the Vase*, with other vases, holds one found near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is adorned with Bacchanalian ornaments. A bronze vase is also there, which, according to the inscription upon it, was once the property of Mithridates Eupator, King of Pontus. Ancient Roman weights and scales, a casket, a measure, and a candelabrum are also shown. The *Apartment of the Dying Gladiator* is the richest in this troop; for in addition to the gladiator, it holds an Apollo, and a Juno, both semi-colossal, each much admired, and a Bacchus and Ariadne, the worst I have seen. There I have spoken above. Some chambers are filled with a series of Egyptian sculptures taken from the *Canopus*, or Egyptian temple that stood in the villa of that great builder, the Emperor Adrian, at Tivoli. But those Egyptians, if these be their specimens, would have been as wise to let marble and basalt alone; for the people whose gods were an ox, cats, and onions, could not have that idea of beauty that a Venus or an Apollo would inspire.

From this splendid collection of these fragments of that antiquity that now inspires me with doubled veneration of the power and the men of the Rome of old, I passed over the square of the Campidoglio to the *Palazzo de Conservatori*. Statues of Rome triumphant and a weeping Province at her feet—the two Dacian captive Kings—a group of a Lion devouring a Horse, stands in the Quadrangle beyond the Arcade. In the Arcade, among I knew not how many other things, is seen a Rostra column, originally placed in the Roman Forum in honor of Caius Duilius, the first Roman who gained for his country a naval victory over the Carthaginians whom he humbled by a total defeat, having destroyed fifty of their ships. A Basso-Rilievi (found in the Forum) of Curtius devoting himself to the *Dii Manes* is also here. The third room contains the antique bronze the Wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, and which, it is said, was struck with lightning when Cæsar fell.—This is the Wolf, it is said, to which Cicero in his oration against Cataline and in some verses of his in his treatise *de Divinitate*, alludes, as having been struck by lightning. The marks of where the gilding was, and of where the lightning struck, are visible even to this day, but antiquarians dispute upon this subject, and some deny that this is the thunder stricken wolf of Cicero. Volumes have been written upon this relic of other days, and Greek and Latin quoted in profusion, but be the truth as it may, I will persuade myself that it was the very Wolf that stood upon the turrets of the Capitol, and I gazed upon it as an object venerable even to a Cicero, a Livy and a Virgil. In the fifth room are seen two Ducks on bronze said to have been found in the Tarpeian rock, and to be the ones that were honored with a post in the ancient Capitol, in honor of those which by their noise and screaming aroused the Romans to a rally when Brennus, General of the Gauls was attempting to scale the Tarpeian rock to obtain possession of the citadel. *Geese*, Livy says, it was, that saved the Capitol, the geese consecrated to Juno whom the Romans fed when they were starving themselves, and whom the geese in their turn saved from the Gauls, but be this as it may, these are *Ducks* that are here at the present day. The fourth room, however, was the most interesting of all to me, for it contains the *Fasti Consulares* of the Romans, the names of the Consuls, chiselled in stone, as records of these great rulers of the day who once held power in Rome. Often in reading the names of these great men of the day, as standing thickly crowded in the margin of the books of Livy mutilated often as they are—only some letters of their names at times being left, I have thought what a folly their ambition was, but when I saw the very records themselves, that impression was redoubled in its force. The Consular office in Rome was an object of as high ambition as is the Presidency of the United States, and the man whom the suffrages of the Romans bore to that exalted station, considered himself as immortalized for all time to come. But what a wreck is here upon even these stony records of their fame! Broken and crowded together they are—fixed and propped up in the wall—many blanks—the names that ought to fill them never to be known—with others mutilated, and but a letter or two remaining! This *is* faint! This is the destiny of the highest and most august of the Roman dignitaries—of the men whose eloquence swayed the mighty multitude in the Forum, and whose valor led them to victory and to glory. What more can ye promise yourselves, ye who seek might and renown, which if ye win them, will never exalt you to half the height of a Roman Consul!

Other apartments of this conservative Palace of which I have just been speaking, have within them Frescoes, Friezes, and Pictures by some of the most celebrated masters of the art. Some of the subjects are—the Battle of the Horatii and Curiatii—the sacrifice of Numa Pompilus with the institution of the Vestal Virgins—the Rape of the Sabines, Horatius Coeles in the Sublician Bridge and Mucius Scevola burning his own hand in presence of Porsenna after having killed one of the Estrurian officers whom he mistook for the King. Titian's recumbent Venus, commonly called Vanity from the large label upon the sleeves of Omnis Vanitas, Guercino's Persian sybil, and his St. Petronilla rising from the sepulchre, and in the presence of the noble Romans to whom she was betrothed in marriage, the Rape of Europa by Paul Veronese, with guides, the Council's and the like adorn the Picture gallery. The *Protomatheca*, as it is called, is an apartment of ol that rocco embellished with busts of illustrious characte chivalry of men of modern Italy now no more, whi apartment has been dedicated by the Popes to the A dian Academy.

But I must stop this catalogue whence it is, for if I a on, all the paper I have in not large enough to contai even the names of objects illustrious in Rome. My object only is to give you a faint idea of things to b seen, and from what I have already written, you will readily believe that a student may use his eye in intense study of objects of art only with profit, even for years and years. How the classical scholar must revel with delight in such a studio as that of the Vatican or the Capitol! What forcible commentaries a man reads from these blocks of marble upon all of History that a Livy or a Gibbon has written, or all that a Virgil or a Horace have sung! The pages of the classics stand here, illuminated, as it were. Here the observer is let into the Religion and into the Patriotism of the Rome of his fancy, and he even sees, as I fancy, the interior of their homes, the very hearths that their Penates guarded!—For myself I never dreamed before that so many links connected us with these men of the past, and day after day I feel a shock of that pride which we all have as men of this generation, that we are so little advanced beyond them. What modern palace for example could have equalled the Suburban villa of Sallust, the scholar as well as the man of pleasure, for from his grounds have come many of the curious relics of his day. How sumptuously Cicero must have dwelt in his Tusculum and near Gaeta! What an empire of art that was at Tivoli, which Hadrian erected! We can judge only from what has been rescued, and what has been preserved, and if these be chance specimens, what must the whole have been! Time, war, flood, Goth, Saracen, Christian, German, Hun, Norman have been destroying for centuries, and yet so much is left! All the nations of the world now are visiting and plundering by pieces, and yet Rome holds out, mighty and inexhaustible—a quarry as it were that has no end—a mine with out a bottom, laughing at her plunderers, and then dazzling them with her magnificence. The earth swallowed up, it seemed, palaces and villas for a while, when man was blindest and most mad, to let the man of a brighter day see what Rome was in the days of her strength and her glory. The Pilgrimage ground of all mankind, indeed it must be for centuries to come.

Our *valet de place* who acted as guide and antiquarian and artist too, in conducting us over the city of the Rome dead, and the Rome living, took us from the Palace the contents of which I have been describing, a few steps farther to the Palace of the now solitary Senate, the last fragment of that august body that so long led Rome in her career of triumphs. This building is upon that brink of the capitol that overlooks the Forum, and we ascended its Tower to see the ancient Edifices and the sites of both the Romes. Here for the first time the Seven Hills of the Eternal City were marked out for my observation. What a shattered fragment, august as it is, is all I see, of that Rome that was! The sky, oh how beautiful, and the air, how lighted up, as if the glory that had departed from below, still hovered over, and crowned the abiding places of the mighty dead! And effulgence indeed it was, as the sun was setting, that seemed not to be of earth, adorned, beautified, and emblasoned the whole scene. The Mediterranean was on one side, and the Appenines, the retreat of the Romans from the Campagna, was on the other. That Campagna which was once so thick with villas, the like of that of Sallust is now a barren, almost a deserted plain. This Capitoline Hill on which I stood, where Romulus first carried the regal spoils,—where Maullius was hurled to death from the Tarpeian rock—once the Asylum of Romulus's little Empire, sacred for whatever exile or criminal could reach the spot,—and afterwards crowded with Arches and Temples,—the very heart of that Empire whose arms reached far into Asia and Africa on one side, and to the Scottish Highlands on the other,—what holds it now of the fragments of its power, but this palace of its solitary Senator! The Palatine Hill is before me, the little hill that was once the nursery ground of the gigantic Rome, the circuit of which was marked by a ploughshare, the *palace* of which domain was the straw roofed cottage of Romulus. All Rome then dwelt upon this hill, but in aftertimes it was not large enough for the golden palaces of its Emperor, for Nero covered the whole Palatine, and stretched beyond it. Tiberius, Augustus and Domitian also dwelt there, and Caligula connected it with the Capitol by a bridge across the Forum. But what is it now? Evander here might again gather his wandering tribes, and Pales, the goddess of sheep, to whom it was consecrated, and from whom it derives its name might here at present resume her creek, and re-ascend her sylvan throne, for it is that reverting to that original pastoral simplicity which Tacitus the Poet has described. Nothing but earth it was—adorned with everything wealth, power and art could place there, it became,—and to earth, to the fields, to the nothing which it was, it is rapidly advancing again. My eyes are over the Roman Forum, which is almost under my feet and its checkered history runs through my mind.

The Sabine women, whom as virgins the Romans stole for their wives—with dishevelled locks and streaming garments, and imploring hands, here rushed in between their Roman husbands whom they had learned to love, and their Sabine fathers and brothers, and with tears and cries, begged that blood should not be shed. Here, Virginius plunged the dagger into the heart of his daughter, exclaiming, 'thus, my child, thus, do I liberate thee!' when the wicked Appius Claudius triumphing over all obstacles, sought to make her his own. The sacred Fig Tree, under whose boughs the infant founders of Rome were nourished, was also here.—What this far-famed spot in later days became—how it was crowded with arches, and temples,—the triumphal crowds,—the martial pomp,—and then what it has become at last, the *cow yard* of Rome.—all this I have spoken of before. I looked a little further,—and there was the Esqueline Hill, on which Mecenas, that patron of the arts, and Virgil had their villas, where also are the Baths of Titus, and his Palace, and a part of Nero's Golden House. All now is ruin, utter ruin there, and the Baths of Titus are under the earth, and with a torch and a guide, the wanderer goes to see the shattered frescoes in its vaults. Further yet I saw the Quirinal Hill, the *Monte Cavallo* of the present day, because upon it stands two colossal groups of a horse and a man, asserted to be the works of Phidias and Praxiteles.—The temple of Romulus Quirinus, built by Numa, was here, and the Linrinilian festivals,—and here was the habitation of the illustrious Scipios, as well as the Sensculum for females of the worthless Emperor Heliogabalus. The papal residence is now fixed upon this hill, and it therefore is not as dead as the others: for the villas, and churches, and gardens of power present rescue it from the desertion and death of the former part. The Coelian Hill, once called Querquetulanus, from its many oaks, and once adorned with temples, fanes, and sacred groves, is now crowned by the proud Basilica of St. John of Lateran, and monastic gloom, solitude, and desolation ever hover over this scene of former Pagan splendor. The Viminal Hill is no longer conspicuous, or perspicuous even, for though I was shown where it was, yet its adjacent hollows have been so filled up by time, and the ruins of ages, that I never should have unguided sought for a hill where it was. The proud Aventine next attracted my attention. Remus ascended here to watch the fatal augury of omnipotent Jove. Here was the cave of Cacus, the famed exploits of Hercules, and the altars consequent upon the victory. Here were the splendid Temples to Juno, to the once chaste and venerable Bona Dea, to Liberty, and to Diana.—Caius Gracchus fled to this last temple of which I have spoken, after his efforts for the Agrarian law, and the assassination of his brother Tiberius, for the purpose of committing suicide, but the nobles confined him,—his death was commanded,—his body thrown into the Tiber, and his widow forbidden to put on funeral robes. Now, the church of St. Alexis, it is conjectured, stands upon the site of the temple of the Hercules, that of Santa Maria del Priorata, and that of the Knights of Malta upon the site of the Bona Dea, and that of Santa Sabina, with its yet remaining twenty-four antique Corinthian columns of Parian marble upon the foundations of the 'Cumean Diana.'

"The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood and fire
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories, star by star, expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol: far and wide
Temple and Tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! Who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar night,
And say, "where was, or is," where all is doubly night?"

D.

STAGE IMPOSITION.—A Correspondent of the Boston Courier complains of a wrong which he suffered from the stage agent at Groton, who inclosed upon putting three passengers upon a coach which he, in company with others, had observed for their own exclusive accommodation, and paid for it accordingly. This wrong the passengers suffered, notwithstanding a certificate from the agent at Keene, certifying their exclusive right to the coach. The Correspondent adds —'This barefaced imposition is only a specimen of that which stage agents are practising upon the public daily, and which the latter are guilty of encouraging by their indifference.'—*Post.*

CASE OF RATHBUN. A Buffalo correspondent of the Albany Argus, gives some hints in regard to the developements made, or to be made, by the correspondence between Benjamin Rathbun and his confidential Clerk, Bathbun Albro, while in this city last Spring, to which we alluded in a former publication. After stating a number of particulars relative to the nature of Rathbun's operations in real estate, merchandise, stages, manufactories, and every thing else, the writer proceeds:—

I can confidently informed that it is now ascertained by an examination of his papers, that from the commencement of his forgeries to the present time, they amount to about $7,000,000! No crime of the same magnitude, is, I believe, on record. Fauntleroy, in England, although exceeding all European experience, did not more than equal one tenth part of that amount. But it excites my wonder how such a course of conduct could be continued for two or three years, to so great an extent, without giving rise to some suspicion. Yet none seem to have been excited, or if excited, to have been made public. It is true, that there were many who supposed that bankruptcy would be the end of him; but none seem to have anticipated the truth, in its whole extent. He says that for the last four months he has lived in constant dread of an explosion—has felt as if he had stood before a loaded cannon with its match slowly burning. To postpone the explosion, he has been obliged to continue and enlarge his evil practices, until their extent gives him a painful elevation above all other criminals.

Notwithstanding his crimes, there is much sympathy for him here. He was always honorable and generous in his dealings. He has given employment to a great many laborers. He has done more than any other man to build up and adorn this city; and his works will remain many years to attest to his taste and enterprize, and to perpetuate also the memory of his offences. And in his failure, he has taken care to provide for all his creditors here, so that none here will suffer in a pecuniary sense from his operations, but many have been benefitted by them. The loss will fall principally upon banks and brokers abroad, and it is not therefore surprising that a feeling of commiseration for him should exist here.

I have not heard any one make the remark, which seems to me to follow very justly from this case, and that is, that under no other circumstances than the general spirit of speculation which pervades every portion of the community, and this part particularly, could such an extended fraud have continued so long undetected. In ordinary times, the magnitude of his operations would have excited attention and suspicion, and would have led to an earlier disclosure.

He has involved his brother and his nephew (Rathbun Allen) in the same ruin with himself. The latter, who was his clerk, was at large several days, no evidence being found to implicate him in the forgeries. At length among the filed letters some from him were found (very strangely preserved) which I understand explain fully their mode of operations.

HARLEM RAILROAD TUNNEL.—This stupendous undertaking, it is expected, will be completed in about six weeks. The tunnel is already through the mountain four hundred and seventy five feet on the north side, and sixty feet on the south, and about sixty feet more remains to be cut before the workmen meet. This tunnel, when completed, will be the *largest*, though not the longest, in the world, and cut through rock of as hard and firm a texture as can any where be found. The open cuts on either side of the tunnel are almost terrific to gaze at from the edge of the summit. They are through the solid rock, and that on the north side is fifty-five feet deep. The work is prosecuted under the direction of Mr Cutter, the able and skilful superintendent, night and day. When completed and connected with the adjoining scenery, it will form one of the grandest and most romantic sights to be found on the face of the globe.—*New York Times.*

DUCKING A NEGRO. At the Court of Common Pleas, sitting in Northampton, last week, John Frink, Jr. was tried for an assault and battery upon a negro. The defendant pleaded that he would not contend with the Commonwealth, and he was fined $10 and costs, $9 13. It appeared that some time last winter the black man was overtaken on the road by one Pendleton, who was driving a horse and sleigh of Chapin and Frink from Springfield to Northampton, and invited to ride. As they were on the road Pendleton by some accident was thrown out of the sleigh, and the black man drove on, saying that he was going for a doctor. He drove to Easthampton, and after some delay there among his acquaintances, came to Northampton and put up his horse at Mr. Frink's stable, forbidding grain to be given him. The next day he went for the horse, and the ostler refused to give him up. Going on the same errand the next day, he encountered Mr. Frink, who accused him of having designed to steal the horse and sleigh, and (as he says) gave him the choice of a ducking or a prosecution. The negro accordingly, either willing or unwilling, was immersed head first in a barrel of water two or three times, until the water bubbled up with a noise somewhat resembling water running out of a bung hole of a barrel. The black man did not appear as a witness against the defendant.—*Courier.*

☞ A gentleman from New York, who had seen our article respecting William Carver, called on Saturday to inform us that the old man was still living and

To stump about his barn and stable.'

He holds in his possession the farm at New Rochelle, formerly the property of Mr. Paine—but in poor, as no one will buy a farm that belonged to Paine. He says that his Infidel friends have deserted him in his old age, and that, after all, he finds Christianity good for something—that Grant Thorburn and other christians have assisted him much. He says he finds Infidelity a cold and joyless speculation; and that there must be something in a religion which warms the hearts of his opponents towards him, while his sophisticated fellow-unbelievers are willing to do nothing but defend and disseminate their cheerless doctrines. Such a testimony from such a man is worth a dozen sermons. 'Wisdom is justified of her children.'

POLIGNAC!—A letter from London informs us, that an Express had arrived the evening before from Paris, to the effect that Prince Polignac had been set at liberty by the French Government.

Why is Socrates shouldering his wife like a humble christian?

Because he takes up his *cross*.

FEMALE SEMINARY, MOUNT WASHINGTON.—We lately attended an exhibition of the progress of the young ladies of the Mount Washington Seminary in music, and we were delighted with the lady-like deportment of the pupils. Mrs Barrill and Miss Felton, who have the charge of the school, have given the highest satisfaction to the parents of those committed to their charge, and as a few more pupils can be admitted before the commencement of the next term, we take the occasion to urge those of our citizens who have daughters whom they wish to place at school, to secure a place in this most desirable Seminary, where every attention is paid, and the *manners* and *morals* are as much the subject of careful watchfulness, as is the progress of the *mind*.

☞ The wreck of a schooner was seen on the 23d inst about 80 miles south of Cape Elizabeth. She had been apparently loaded with wood. A vessel probably run her down in the night, as she was badly stoven.

The custom of giving illustrious names to articles of merchandise sometimes lead to rather ludicrous results. We have seen the following over the door of a shop—'Jackson Walking Canes, and Van Buren Smooth Planes for sale here.' Over the door of a provision store, in a country town, the following was chalked in large and conspicuous letters—'Lafayette Beans—Washington Pork, for cash.'

The Boston Reformer is respectfully informed that 'England and the English' was written by the brother of the celebrated novelist, and not by E.L. Bulwer.—*Bangor Commercial.*

We now know from what source the Reformer gets its information—from little Frost of the Commercial. No wonder Mr. Brownson entertains such extravagant ideas about women, &c.

OLD HONESTY. A revolutionary soldier has just paid his one hundredth semi-annual bill for the Salem Gazette. Our country would never have been made free, if her armies had been made up of men who do not take a newspaper and pay for it.

A contemporary says—'The Philadelphia Gazette contradicts the report that the Siamese Twins have fought a duel at twelve paces distant.' We had not even heard that there had been a *division* between them.

Ugly women possess very philosophical notions with respect to *mere personal beauty*.

A cotemporary says that Animal Magnetism is creating quite an excitement in Bangor. We thought the effect of Animal Magnetism was to put folks to sleep.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Willis arrived in this city on Monday evening, and left town yesterday morning for Saratoga.

So says a country paper—and who will *dare* to doubt this terrific fact!

THE IRON FENCE. There is something more in the complaints respecting the manner in which the contract for the Iron Fence was made, than mere *talk*. Some of our citizens complain loudly of the wanton waste of money connected with it.

The Public Ledger says that 'the mania among the *ladies* to appear in the dress of gentlemen seems to be increasing daily.' We are surprised at the *ungallant* declaration in the editor of the Ledger; and still more surprised that he should find any fault with this *habit* on the part of the ladies. A paper that has labored to unsex the fair, should be willing that the outward should conform to the inward.

An attempt was made to rob a tailor's shop in Philadelphia. The loafer bored several holes through the window shutters, and looking through probably saw there was one goose within already, and decamped.

A GREAT MAN'S OPINION OF NAPOLEON.—Citizen — was appointed to recommend certain staff and field officers, and upon his favorable opinion alone their commissions depended. He was a man of tremendous power in the French councils, and Napoleon dreaded him. To be rid of his influence Bonaparte appointed him vice consul at Newport, and while there Mr. — (whose for his remarkable memory and universal information) sought to obtain Citizen —'s opinion of Napoleon. The vice consul invariably shrunk from such an expression, and Mr W. resolved to make but one more effort, which, if it did not succeed, should be his last. So one morning, finding the Citizen in good humor, Mr W. said to him, 'Pray tell me, sir, how you would compare Napoleon and General Moreau as military men?' 'Mon Dieu!' exclaimed the Citizen, 'you have approached this subject often before, and I have avoided mention of it; but I will now answer you.' Then, after leaning his head upon his hands for a minute, and covering his eyes, as if to collect his memory, he started up—'Sir, if you are upon a protracted siege, with every obstacle to encounter—disaffection among the troops—inclemency of weather—indeed every thing that can be conceived to oppose you—and you with all these discordant elements harmonized, combined and made to operate to your actual advantage, and ensure you infallible success, and have but *six months* to do it in, General Moreau is your man! But, Mon Dieu! what Moreau will perform in six months, Napoleon will accomplish in *six minutes!* There is the difference!'

SHAKSPEARE IMPROVED.—A belligerent wight threatened to *kick* a dry character who had offended him. 'If you undertake it,' answered the challenged, 'you will find yourself a man more *shinned against than shinning*.'

ALMOST A RIOT.—New York has happily escaped a 'Convent Riot' with which it was threatened last week.—Certain inflammatory hand-bills were circulated by some evil minded persons for the purpose of exciting the populace against the Catholic Orphan Asylum in Sixth Avenue, occupied by four Sisters of Charity and only six girls. It was asserted in the handbills, which were signed by several persons, but whether with fictitious names or not is not known, that the cries of a female in distress were heard proceeding from the upper rooms of the institution, at 11 o'clock at night, and that they were the shrieks of a female suffering abuse, and that several scores or eight hundred persons accordingly collected around the building, uttering various threats; but a sufficient constabulary force having been placed in advance of the assembly, on the premises, the mob took the alarm and dispersed without violence.

The new steamer Rochester recently made the passage from New York to Albany in seven hours and three quarters. Distance one hundred and fifty miles, or more than eighteen miles an hour.

PRECOCIOUS DEPRAVITY.—Some young lads at Leuzburgh in Switzerland, last June, who had been taking birds' nests contrary to the injunctions of the authorities, suspected one of their companions of having betrayed them, or of being likely to do so, and therefore debated among themselves on the most effectual method of stopping his mouth. They found nothing better suited to their purpose than to strip him of his clothes, to tie his hands, and to throw him into the Aar, which they accordingly did, at half a league from Leuzburg. Four of them, from *eight* to *fifteen* years of age, have been taken up and put into confinement.

'LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.' We will, if by so doing our purses are untouched—our time and attention uncalled for; we will cherish the sentiment towards those of our own standing. We will visit—give parties—feast the full, and reciprocate favors—thus we will fulfil the command. Alas, will not the widow's sigh—the cry of the fatherless—the unvisited abode of wretchedness—all—all come up testifying against us.—*Portland Times.*

We have been informed on good authority, that the statements so often made respecting the contracts for the iron fence, are in truth not founded on facts, as the city wish to contract only with such persons as are perfectly responsible and able to fulfil their contracts when made.—*Advocate.*

☞ We know from 'good authority' that Mr. Seth Adams, of South Boston, offered to contract to build the fence around the common, *and give all the security the city required for the faithful execution of the work*, for a sum six or seven thousand dollars less than that finally agreed upon. Mr. Adams is as 'perfectly responsible' as Mr. Safford, or any other mechanic in his branch of business—as good a workman and as ingenious a one as Boston contains—he is the inventor and builder of the best printing power press now in operation, and in every respect deserving of patronage and confidence. Is the Advocate authorized to deny these facts.—*Post.*

Now the matter is clearly and distinctly stated—a matter which we believe we were the first to introduce to the public notice. There is nothing ambiguous or doubtful—but the above is a plain relation. Mr. Adams in compliance with the advertisement of the building committee sends in his terms (*with the offer of competent security* —Mr. Cyrus Alger of S. B.) wherein he offers to build *the fence for ten thousand dollars less* than the offer of Mr. Safford, *accepted* by the committee. Now this is true or it is not true—and if it be not true, we call with the Post, for the denial, for we think the public have a right to know *something* of the state of things. It may be perfectly proper for a magistrate to pay away the public money carelessly if he pleases, but as some are foolish enough to think otherwise and we confess ourself among he number, we desire some reasons for the course.

ARRIVALS EXTRAORDINARY.—Two hundred and twenty passengers arrived in New York, from Havre, on Saturday week, being *six more* than the number of passengers which started in the vessel.

The Bunker Hill Aurora says that the Phenix Bank of Charlestown has been appointed one of the deposite banks.

EXECUTION AT SEA.—A sailor was hung on board the U. S. Sloop of War John Adams, at sea, near Naples, July 3d. He murdered one of his fellow seamen in a drunken frolic, at Mahon, as he afterwards confessed. He was tried by a Court Martial. The event produced a melancholy sensation on board the ship.—*Ib.*

A writer in the Metropolitan says that Mrs N. P. Willis' dresses too low. If a pretty young lady sees fit to dress either as low or too high, we think that gentlemen must be strangely constituted who finds fault with it.

Mr Hollis Hinds, a young gentleman of New York, lately risked his life to save that of a lad who was near drowning.

Beware of Ohio notes. Thousands of dollars are in circulation among us which cannot be redeemed at less than ten per cent discount. Mechanics should refuse Ohio notes of any description.—*New York paper.*

Robert Dale Owen has been elected a representative to the Legislature of Indiana by a majority of 525 votes over his opponents.

OUR SCHOOLS.—The School Committee on Monday voted to increase the salaries of our Schoolmasters. The Principals of the Latin and English High Schools are to have twenty-four hundred dollars, being an increase of four hundred; and our Grammar and Writing Masters, fifteen hundred, being an increase of one hundred to the former, and three hundred to the latter. We like to see this liberality. There has been nothing for a long time so underrated as the profession of a schoolmaster. One must experience the responsibilities, the vexations, the toils of an Instructor, to know how much he suffers, and what should be his reward. Why, has not a schoolmaster a trust in his hands equal, aye, superior, to that of our clergymen? He rears the mind when it is forming, and its impressions are strongest—and he may make it or mar it for life.

The number of deaths in New York city, last week, was 99; being 23 less than the week previous.

PICKING POCKETS.—The numerous machines used in London for picking pockets is surprising—and the ingenuity of their construction is worthy the attention of artificers generally. But there is one curious invention by which pockets are picked in this country, that works to a charm, and almost always baffles detection and punishment. It is said to be used by traders of many descriptions. Connecticut pedlars are very expert in its use. It is a little red instrument, which plays rapidly between the teeth, is made to eject dust into the eyes of the victim, and relax the strings of his purse —the coin comes forth as if by magic, and the plunderer goes off in triumph. The instrument is vulgarly called 'The Tongue.'

The Montreal Herald says that Mrs William Spier was delivered of a son. Those who know Mrs William Spier will no doubt be glad to learn this fact. For our part, we never heard of her before.

It is said there are more ways than one to kill a cat—but there is but one way to kill a printer. Take a paper and don't pay for it.

If a wife dishonors herself, the husband feels it on *his* own account. If the husband dishonors himself, the wife feels it on *his* account.—*Public Ledger.*

True—every word of it; and